

Hedda Hopper Asks: **IS MARIO LANZA HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST HEADACHE?**

★ PHOTOPLAY

January

ESTHER WILLIAMS



See The Pick Of The
Pin Ups For 1952

N 2/56 41 R
P 2 52 2V H 132542 G
MRS C SLOSBURG
7 CLEVELAND HD
RHOOKLINE 46 MASS

Trust *Camay* to take your skin
"Out of the Shadows"
 and into the light of New Loveliness!



Follow this Camay bride's way! You'll have a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

This lovely bride—Mrs. Gary Fleming, writes: "Camay's like magic! Soon after I changed to regular care and Camay I had a clearer skin."

GIRLS who'd court compliments and attention—girls who can count on romance and a bridal veil—never let dullness cloud the beauty of their complexions and keep their dreams from coming true!

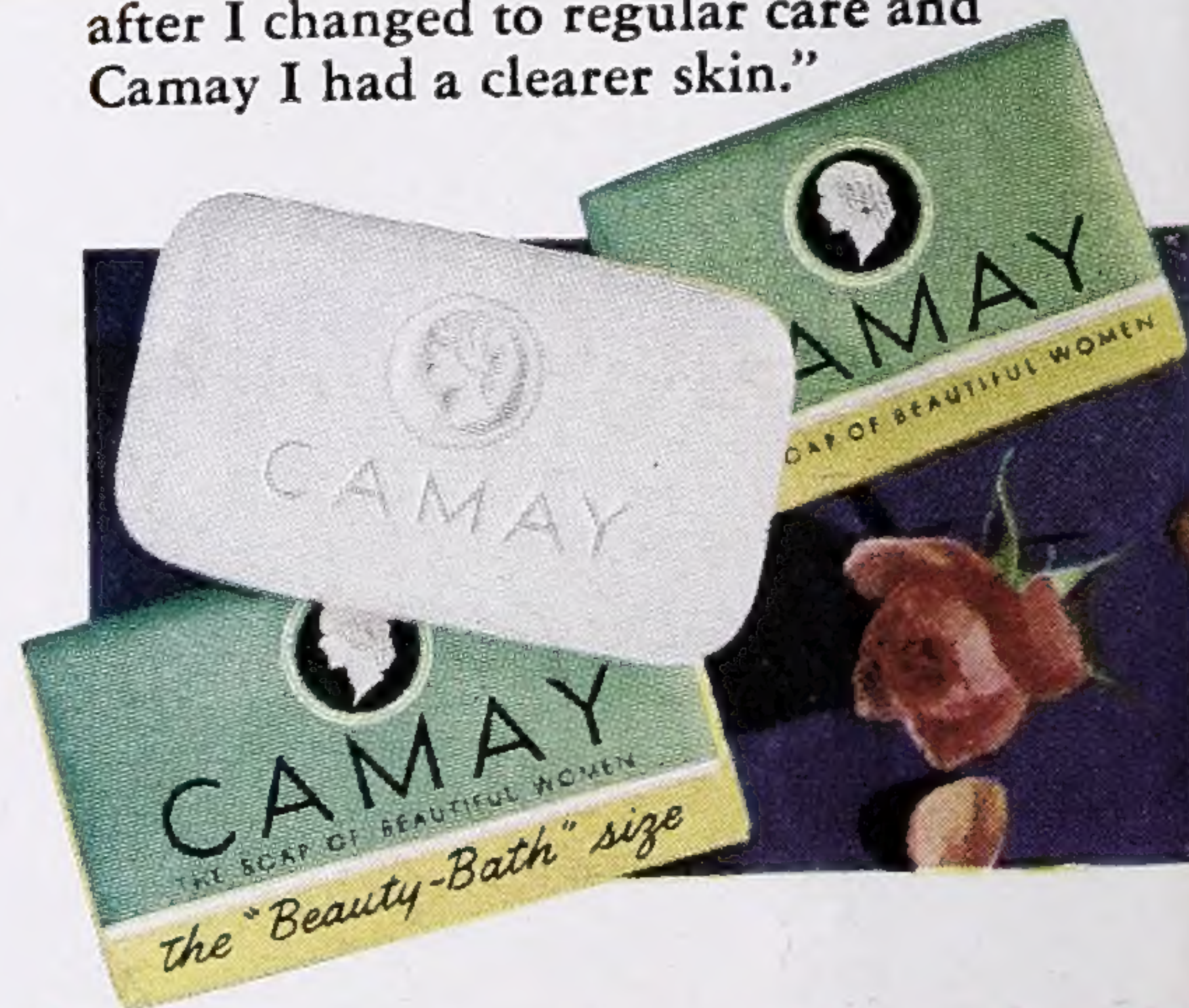
So why let *your* beauty be masked in shadows? With Camay, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and

into the light of new loveliness.

Show the world a lovelier complexion! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. A fresher, smoother look appears with your very *first cake*!

There's no finer beauty soap than Camay! It's so gentle! And what a rich, creamy lather Camay gives! Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Camay
the soap of beautiful women



Bring all your skin new beauty!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms, legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's fragrance. For more lather—more luxury—use big, economical Beauty-Bath Size.

Prompt Action

**can often help head them off
or lessen their severity**

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel below.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it frequently helps halt such a mass invasion . . . helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

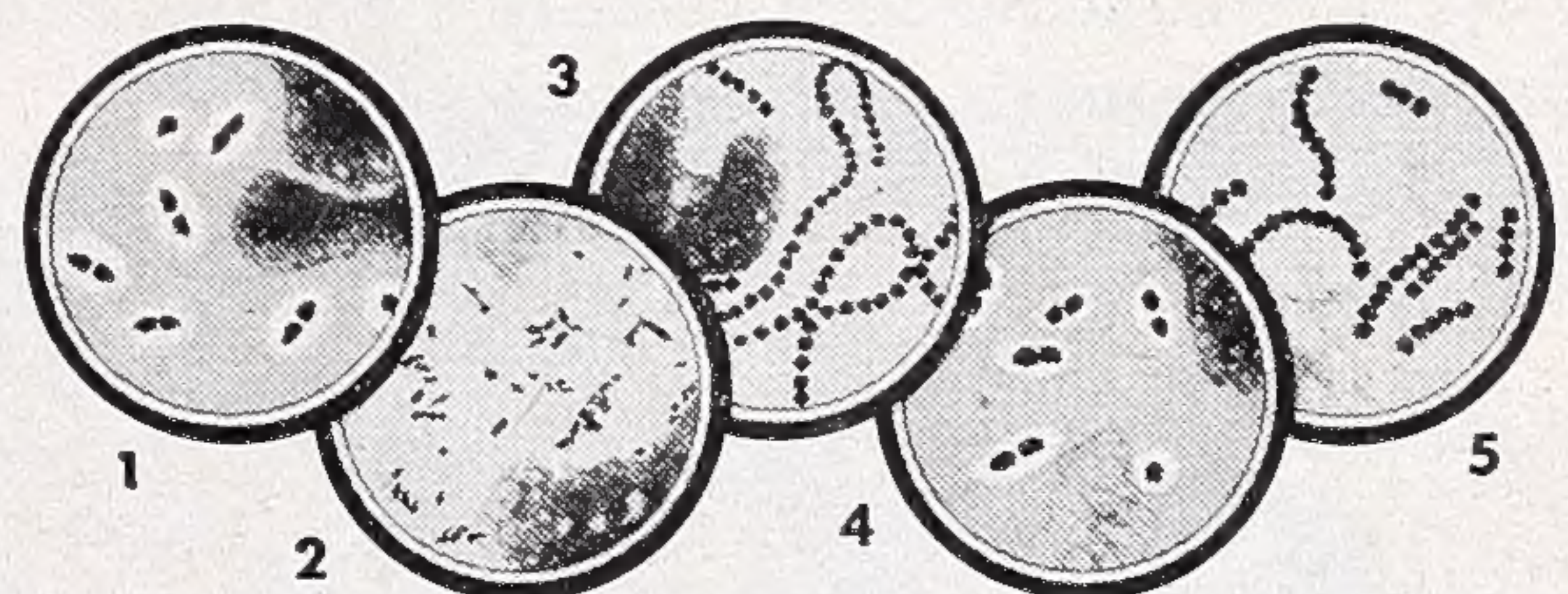
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis 6, Mo.

**THROAT
SORE?**

**CATCHING
COLD?**

**Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Quick
to get after these germs**

SOME OF THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

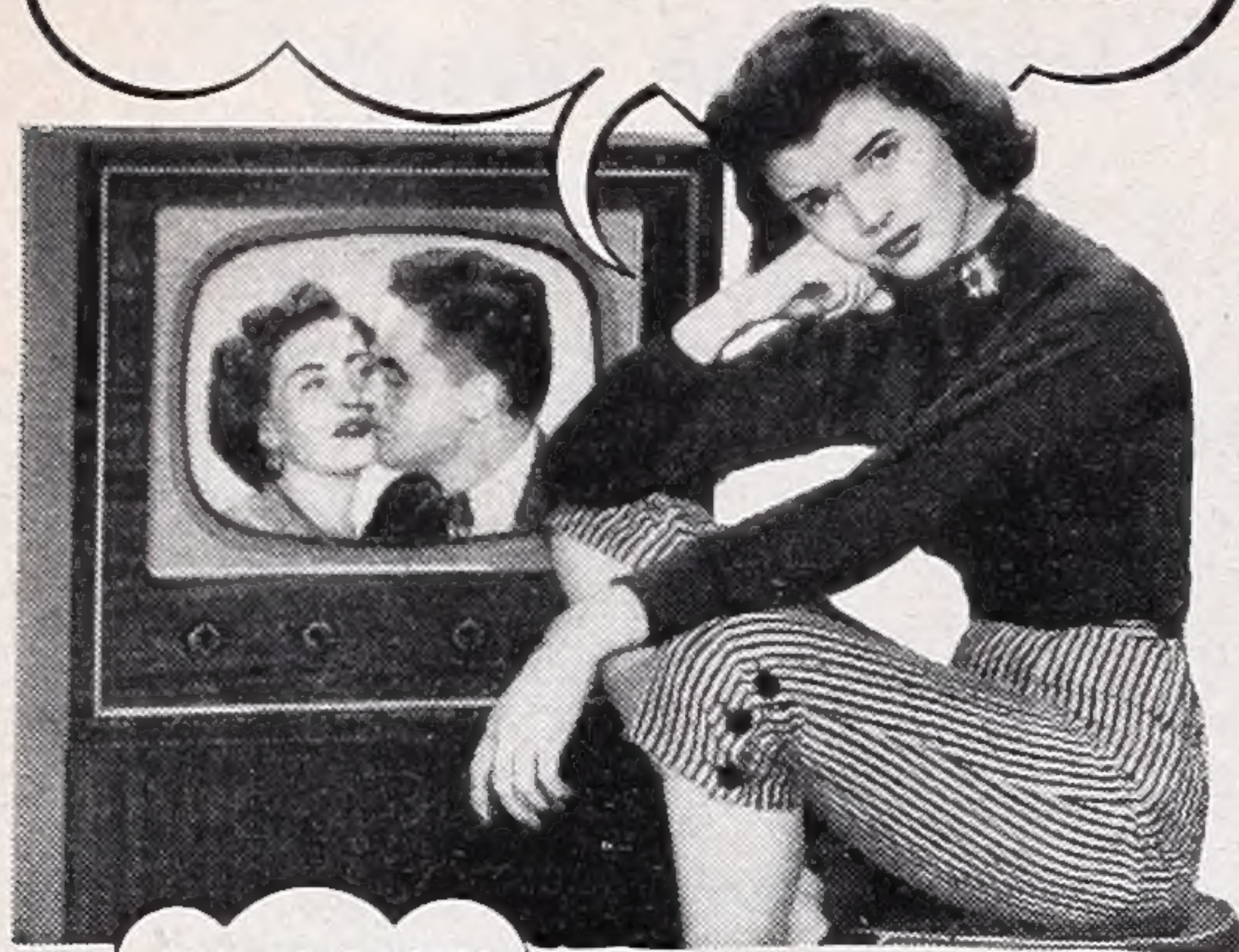


(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Bacillus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (4) Pneumococcus Type IV, (5) Streptococcus viridans.

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; an hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces can be many of the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.

See The SAMMY KAYE SHOW • "So you want to lead a Band"
CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

All I Do is Sit And View!



YOU HAVE DATES
ANY TIME YOU
WANT THEM, SIS!
ALL I GET IS WHAT
TV HAS TO OFFER!



YOU'D COME THROUGH WITH
LOTS OF DATES, TOO, PEG—IF
YOU'D JUST HAVE A TALK WITH OUR
DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS
YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR
TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF
BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING
STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same
Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth
Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the
same research which proves the Colgate
way of brushing teeth right after eating
stops tooth decay best! The most thor-
oughly proved and accepted home meth-
od of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the
Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more*
people than ever before reported in denti-
frice history! No other dentifrice, ammo-
niated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

WITH COLGATE CARE, ROMANCE COMES THROUGH,
JUST THE WAY I WANT IT TO!



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name,
Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research
on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE - GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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JANUARY, 1952

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Member of The True Story Women's Group

The Madness of moonlight

**WAS IN
HER
BLOOD!...**

Fascinating, fickle
Pandora . . .
the girl
who lived for
sensation! Her songs,
her escapades,
her fabulous love
affairs scandalized
Riviera society —
for she dared to do
what other women
only dreamed about!



Under the cloak
of night, she swam
out to the mystery yacht!

The fatal bull-fight
fulfilled a prophecy!

The champagne
beach party shocked
the gilded set!

Mad dash for glory —
in a flaming racing car!

M-G-M presents

JAMIES MASON · AVA GARDNER

Pandora and The Flying Dutchman

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

with **NIGEL PATRICK · SHEILA SIM · HAROLD WARRENDER · MARIO CABRÉ**

Written and Directed by **ALBERT LEWIN** • Produced by **ALBERT LEWIN** and **JOSEPH KAUFMAN** An M-G-M Picture
(For Dorkay Productions, Inc.)



FREE

This beautiful 8" x 10" full-color photograph of green-eyed auburn-haired Ava Gardner! Suitable for framing. Send only 10¢ to cover postage and handling cost to Box 1259, GPO, 8th Ave. & 33rd St. N.Y.C.

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PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues". Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-12, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

GLAD SUE

FOUND OUT ABOUT

MIDOL



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READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:

As an ex-cosmetics salesgirl, required to read all the beauty columns in fashion and movie magazines, I discovered that Photoplay consistently has the best beauty columns. They are the most informative and helpful. I believe that Hollywood stars are the most beautiful women because they are groomed for individual looks rather than the follow-the-leader fashion models' type of beauty(?). (Witness the number of Hollywood girls who stuck to long hair that flattered their type when the rest of the world was sheared—now we're all back to normal.) Photoplay's beauty columns show the average girl how these glamorous girls got that way and therefore, how she can make herself as individually attractive as they.

In fact I wouldn't be surprised if Photoplay talked me into becoming the movie fan I used to be.

JACQUELINE O'BRIEN
Binghamton, N. Y.

What is this "thing" called Leslie Caron and why did M-G-M even bother to spend money on a boat ticket to bring her from Paris when such enchanting stars as Sally Forrest, Vera-Ellen or Cyd Charisse could have played her role—without that toothy grin and annoying accent. Send her back on the next boat, please.

SONNY KEATING
New Orleans, La.

I just saw "An American in Paris" and I can go on forever singing praises for the magnificent ballet, wonderful score and Gene Kelly. But then there'd be no room to talk about Leslie Caron, whose winsomeness and charm make her the discovery of the year.

MARTHA P. DALE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Casting:

I think it is a shame that no studio has ever filmed Frederic Wakeman's wonderful book, "Shore Leave." I think it would make a great movie. My vote for Crewson would be Gregory Peck.

PAT BLODGETT
Forest Dale, Vt.

Why don't they film a big gaudy Technicolor version of "Oklahoma!" and star Howard Keel as Curley (the role he did so well on the Broadway stage and in London), lovely little Kathryn Grayson as Laurie, and feature Debbie Reynolds and Carleton Carpenter as the comedy duo?

JANET CHAPMAN
Seattle, Wash.

Readers' Pets:

Why doesn't anybody ever write in about Debra Paget? She is the most beautiful star in Hollywood. Rita Hayworth, Liz Taylor, Rhonda Fleming and others look like mops compared to her.

ANDRYS YUKE
San Francisco, Calif.

Craig Hill deserves the best of everything. He's got the looks and can act better than Clark Gable. While everybody's drooling over Monty Clift, I'm just waiting for a good picture with Craig starring in it.

PAT HARVEY
Thomasville, N. C.

Question Box:

Who is the sigh guy that John Wayne was always "riding" in "Flying Leathernecks"? Is he married?

JUNE HINKLE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(That was Brett King, born 12/29/22 in Brooklyn, N. Y. He's 5'11", 160 lbs., has blue eyes, brown hair. He was a fighter pilot in the war, made 100 combat missions and came home with many medals. He was once a singer over Radio station WNEW. He's next in "The Racket.")



I noticed (Sara Hamilton's) statement re Michael Wilding in October Photoplay. Was very amused by it. Being English, I have seen this actor several times. I am much interested for you to name the wife he is supposed to have requested a divorce from, as his fans in Britain were under the impression that he never has taken that step.

MRS. MARIE DREA
Montreal, Quebec
(Michael Wilding married Kay Young in England in 1939.)

M-G-M is being quite unfair to Howard Keel by handing Mario Lanza the starring role in the screen version of the successful stage play "Carousel." After all, Howard made the play a success on the Broadway stage and I think he should have the right to play in the film version.

DOROTHY DAVIS
St. Louis, Mo.

(M-G-M had not bought "Carousel" as we went to press. But Mario says if they don't buy it for him, he'll buy it and make it independently.)

"On the Sunny Side of the Street" was a wonderful picture, but I would like to know if that was really Jerome Courtland's voice.

HELEN PALUCK
Bloomfield, N. J.
(Yes. Jerry sang, too, in the musical "Flahooley" on Broadway last spring.)

I have just seen "Here Comes the Groom." The voice of Anna Maria Alberghetti was marvelous. Could you please print a picture of her and her address?

CAROLE MACALPIN
South Bend, Ind.

(Anna Maria was born 5/15/36 in Pesaro, Italy. She has brown eyes and hair. Her first picture was "The Medium"; her next, "The Goddess." For information on stars' addresses, see page 77.)



Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS

DEAN...
The Navy's
Chief Petting
Officer!

They're
all at sea
with the
NAVY
NOW!

DEAN SINGS!

"The Sailor's Polka"
"Never Before"
"The Old Calliope"
"Merci Beaucoup"
"Today,
Tomorrow, Forever"

JERRY...
The Drip
of The
Ship!

in
HAL WALLIS'
PRODUCTION

SAILOR BEWARE

Co-starring
CORINNE CALVET and MARION MARSHALL
with **ROBERT STRAUSS**

Directed by **HAL WALKER** • Screenplay by
JAMES ALLARDICE and **MARTIN RACKIN** • Additional
dialogue by **JOHN GRANT**
Adaptation by **ELWOOD ULLMAN**

From a play by **KENYON NICHOLSON**
and **CHARLES ROBINSON** • New Songs
by **MACK DAVIS** and **JERRY LIVINGSTON**
A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**

**CLAUDETTE
COLBERT**



*Claudette Colbert of
"Let's Make It Legal"*

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-three years old and have been married for almost three years. But I think my marriage is going to pieces because of my husband's cruel and unusual attitude.

I am about to have our first child and I am very happy about it. According to everything I have ever read, a husband is usually just as pleased about this as the mother-to-be. In movies the husband takes good care of his wife, wants to get a glass of water for her, and wants her to sit down right away the minute he hears the news. He buys footballs and dolls and shows in a dozen ways how proud he is.

However, my husband quickly changes the subject every time I mention the new baby. He worries about bills and about finding a house we can afford since we have to move from our apartment. He is even talking about taking a job that would keep him away from home three evenings a week, and this would be in addition to his daytime job. He says I don't understand the responsibility of a child.

Miss Colbert, how can I make my husband understand that he is supposed to be overjoyed at the arrival of the new baby?

Ardelle R.

In reality, a man's approach to fatherhood is different from a woman's approach to motherhood—motion picture comedies or comedy-dramas to the contrary. Scenes of a prospective father in most motion pictures are acted and directed with emphasis on oversolicitude, an awkward anxiety. This part of entertainment technique has little to do with reality. It is often impossible for the real life prospective fathers to assume the attitude shown on the screen.

Many a prospective father is jealous of his child, fearing his wife's love will lessen. And a conscientious man must face a new financial burden as he acquires a family.

Your problem will vanish if you will face the fact that a woman's reaction to motherhood is usually romantic, whereas a man's reaction is practical. This makes for satisfactory balance because it is the woman who must glorify the unceasing care of the new human being who takes over her home. And it is the man who must provide the home's material security.

You might write to me when your youngster is about sixteen months old and tell me whether, looking back over the period of your child's extreme babyhood, you still regard your husband's serious approach to fatherhood as "cruel and unusual."

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

At the age of twenty-five, I am a complete failure. I have a job in a large company, but it certainly isn't a career. My family life is tops. I keep house for my father and brother who treat me swell, but I want to get married. The idea of being an old maid scares me.

I dress well and have a fairly good figure. My face is average, my hair is brown and my eyes gray. I used to go with my girl friend to dances in a neighboring town (on double dates) but she would have a wonderful time and I would be miserable. I am a good dancer, but I can never think of a thing to say. I am not witty and full of fun like other girls. I simply don't have what my father calls "it."

Now my girl friend is engaged and is to be married in the spring, so I am left out of everything. I always feel that people dislike me and are laughing at me because I am not as clever as the next girl.

You are the only person who has been told how I feel. My friends would be shocked if they knew how I worry about myself and my future.

Katie Y.

No one is ever a complete failure at any age. Every individual on this earth has a purpose. The trick is to find that purpose and to pursue it diligently.

First of all, you should go to a doctor and have a complete physical examination. Sometimes the sensation of being useless and unimportant is caused by a minor physical problem such as slight anemia or a simple glandular imbalance. Literally thousands of discouraged human beings have been turned into dynamos by easy medication.

Next, you should stop thinking about yourself and your own shortcomings and turn your attention to other people and other things. You should read at least one good book a month; you should start saving your salary in preparation for a truly exciting vacation trip next summer; you should study the vacation magazines and decide what most interests you; then you should have your hair restyled. While you are about it, you might ask for a facial restyling, too. Sometimes the use of a good eyebrow pencil and a new shade of mascara works wonders. American

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

beauty shops are really miracle workers. If you don't like what is done in one shop, try another. Don't bewail your appearance; do something constructive about it.

Don't be afraid to ask your friends, "How could I improve myself?" Much of the resultant advice will have to be discarded, but you are sure to get good tips, too.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-one and will soon finish business college.

I have had a crush on a boy for over a year, and I believe he had one on me, too. When I first began to notice him I wanted him to notice me, so whenever there was a holiday such as Christmas, New Year's, St. Valentine's, Easter or his birthday, I sent him one of those secret pal or "Guess who?" cards.

Several of our mutual friends told me he was at first curious about the sender and rather flattered. Then he began to be annoyed. Finally someone told him that I was the girl responsible and he was furious. Naturally, I stopped sending the cards. Before he knew about the cards, he used to be nice to me when we met at a party or at school, and he used to ask me to dance. Now everything is different. We only say "hello" and go on our way.

How can I start talking to him and encouraging him to ask me for dates? How can I make sure I am not making a fool of myself? How can I learn the "tricks of the trade" for getting what I want?

Tirania U.

I'm afraid your potential romance with this man is ruined forever.

I know that many girls rebel against the system, but the fact remains that a man wants to do his own hunting. Furthermore, he wants to do it, usually, in an unobtrusive way. He likes to approach the object of his interest gradually, and not in full view of the grandstand.

If you had sent these cards without letting anyone else in the world know what you were doing, you might have produced results eventually by sending a final card revealing your identity. However, when you described your campaign to a series of mutual friends, you defeated yourself. Incidentally, the only "tricks of the trade" for getting what you want are these: Be genuinely interested in other people; be guided by accepted rules of social conduct; be worth while in the same ways in which you regard others as worthwhile. Avoid being arch and constructing plots. Only the very beautiful can afford to be arch and only the intensely clever can plot successfully.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am not going to sign my legal name to this letter because I don't want to receive a bundle of poison-pen letters as a result of what I am about to write.

Description of writer: six feet, 2 inches tall; eyes—blue- (Continued on page 83)

It's Here!!

WARNER BROS. STAR SPANGLED
MOTION PICTURE MARVEL!

The
joy-propelled
story of how
Hollywood
rides the skies
to bring happiness
to our G.I.'s!

GORDON
DAY ★ MACRAE
VIRGINIA
MAYO ★ NELSON
RUTH
ROMAN

and all these Guest Stars!

18
stars
are in it...

AND MORE
WONDERS THAN
YOU CAN COUNT!

JAMES
CAGNEY
GARY
COOPER
VIRGINIA
GIBSON
PHIL
HARRIS
FRANK
LOVEJOY
LUCILLE
NORMAN
LOUELLA
PARSONS
RANDOLPH
SCOTT
JANE
WYMAN
PATRICE
WYMORE

How the
stars sing'em!
and the
boys cheer'em!

'YOU'RE GONNA
LOSE YOUR GAL'
'S' WONDERFUL'
'YOU DO SOMETHING
TO ME'
'WHAT IS THIS
THING CALLED LOVE?'
'LIZA'
'GOD'S GREEN ACRES'
'I MAY BE WRONG'
'IT'S MAGIC'
'I'M A TEXAS RANGER'

with
JANICE RULE ★ DICK WESSON ★ RON HAGERTHY

DIRECTED BY

ROY DEL RUTH

SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN KLOSER AND KARL KAMB
Musical Direction Ray Heindorf Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

PRODUCED BY
ROBERT ARTHUR





MRS. MARTHA WADE, right, winner of Santa Fe trip, wore prize Doris Dodson suit to Cocanut Grove, where she and daughter-in-law Mrs. Darlene Hibbitt met Tito Guizar



MRS. WADE, at Beverly Carleton Hotel, poses with other prizes—Minx Modes dress, Holeproof hosiery, Sea Nymph and Sea Goddess bathing suits and Barbizon slip



BACKSTAGE byplay didn't scare Darlene! She and Mrs. Wade went to see Hollywood play, "The Drunkard," were later introduced to "The Drunkard" himself and Woodie Wilson



LUNCH AT Romanoff's gave Photoplay's contest winner something to talk about back home. Her hostess was Joan Crawford, who has always been Mrs. Wade's favorite star



EXCITING prelude to seeing "The Drunkard" was dinner at The Cove where the ladies were entertained by the owners, Hans and Herman. Restaurant is famous for its excellent cuisine



MRS. WADE, charming in another Doris Dodson suit, and Darlene, joined the stars at premiere of "A Place in the Sun," where they met Dot Lamour, who was emcee

WINNER TAKES ALL

Another Hollywood Tour winner is transported
to the stars—Mrs. Martha Wade of Texas

8 FREE!

Yes-8 BOOKS FREE
..as Your \$18. Gift
for Joining "America's
Biggest Bargain Book Club"



One glance—and Emily forgot the resolutions she made that morning!
 From JOY STREET



Yes...YOU GET \$18 WORTH OF BIG BEST-SELLERS FREE
on this amazing new introductory offer

JOY STREET, By Frances Parkinson Keyes—When glamorous Emily Thayer met David Salomont at her own wedding reception, she never dreamed she would soon be risking everything to see him again. The nation's NUMBER 1 BEST-SELLER, by author of "Dinner at Antoine's."

THE INFINITE WOMAN, By Edison Marshall—Lola Montero's dark eyes held a challenge no man could resist. "I'll be your friend or your mistress—but never your bride!" she said—as she scandalized Europe with her cult of love!

FLOODTIDE, By Frank Yerby—When Morgan Brittany lured her way into Ross Pary's arms, he knew she was using him to achieve some sinister purpose. By author of "Foxes of Harrow," etc.

SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT—50 of most daring stories ever written. Tales of love, hate, jealousy, passion—often imitated but never equaled!

THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP, By Thomas H. Raddall—Grey Skane loved Isabel Jardine with the violent longing. But Matthew Carney married her to save her from her own sins!

FORT EVERGLADES, By Frank G. Slaughter—Pulse-pounding tale of a frontier doctor who learned about love from his best friend's fiancée!

Tales From THE DECAMERON—Boccaccio's frank tales about the amorous antics of sinning "saints" and saintly "Sinners," told with all the daring wit for which this great writer has become world famous. Illustrated.

PROUD NEW FLAGS, By F. Van Wyck Mason—Confederate Lieutenant Seymour boasted that he was always an "officer and a gentleman"—UNTIL he was tempted by the kisses of his brother's wife!



Conchita's untamed beauty set his pulses racing—
 From FLOODTIDE

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TOPS AMONG the men, Tony Dexter, with Jeff Hunter, recalled lean Broadway days



CORNER ON TALENT: Alex Nicol, Dok Stanford, Joyce Holden, a last year winner Rock Hudson, Susan Cabot



BEAUTY AND THE HOST: Top actress Mitzi Gaynor and Anne Francis, who came in sixth, capture editor Fred Sammis—without a struggle—for party picture in Ciro-ette Room at Ciro's



Photoplay
gives a party for
"Choose Your Star"
winners

**INSIDE
STUFF**
▶ cal york's
gossip of
hollywood

People's Choice: You, the enthusiastic readers of Photoplay, chose them as the most promising stars of tomorrow. Once again Cal gives you his annual report on the cocktail party given at the famous Ciro's in the Ciro-ette Room! Marge and Gower Champion, Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush—making Hollywood history by being the first married couples to win simultaneously. Marge (a shining example of how a new star should dress and behave) showing everyone her fourth new diamond in her wedding ring. Her adoring Champion says it with a diamond every wedding anniversary . . . So young, so in love, so charmingly unsophisticated and thrilled by it all, Jeffrey and Barbara naively admitting they didn't know how long cocktail parties last. So they donned their best bibs and left the potatoes baking in the oven! Fernando Lamas, tall, dark and tantalizing every lady in the room, telling Mitzi Gaynor and fiancé Richard Coyle that working with Lana Turner in "The Merry Widow" (Continued on page 12)



BARBARA RUSH, with Fernando Lamas, Mitzi, left potatoes baking in the oven to attend party!



IT WAS FOURTH wedding anniversary for the Champions, with Hollywood editor Lyle Rooks



MONICA LEWIS, with Pier Angeli, was full of plans for tour of Korea



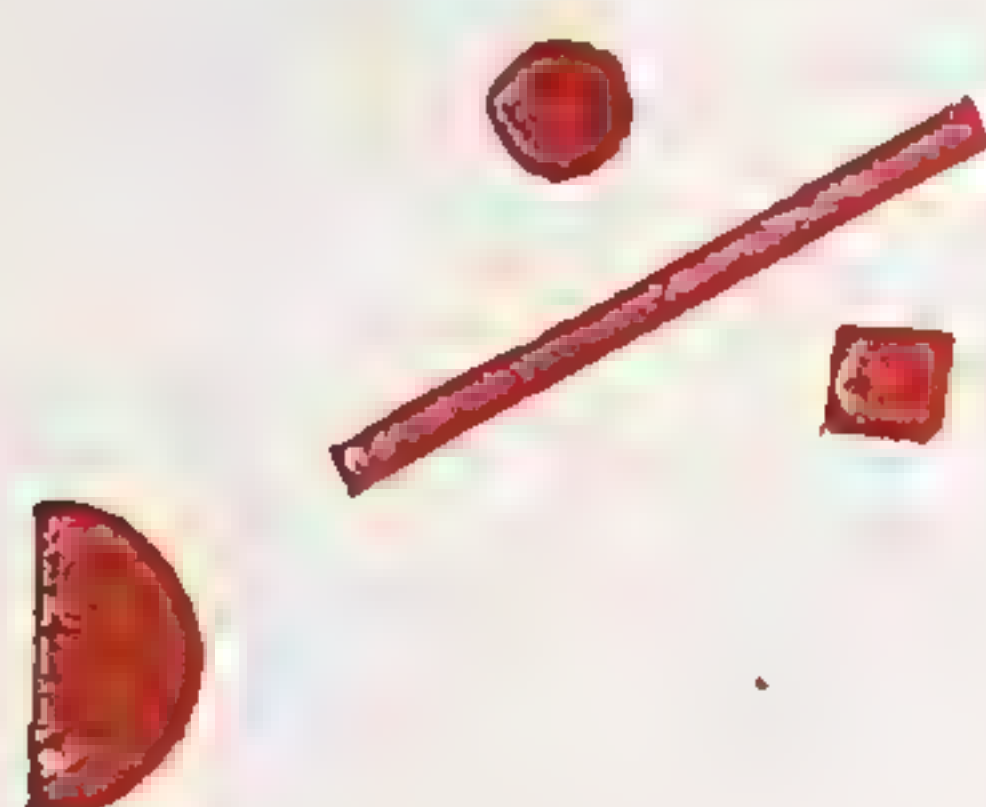
LOVELIGHT IN Bob Clarke's eyes matched fiancée Loraine Gayle's ring



A NEW ROMANCE? Looked like it—for everywhere Janice Rule went—Bob Sherwood followed!



MITZI MEETS Photoplay's scholarship winner Virginia McGuire, who came with Dick Clayton



KEN TOBEY, with wife and Fernando Lamas, added to fun with tall tale about "The Thing"

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU



BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Cary Grant

Calvet prefers a tub to a shower. Corinne can come home from the studio exhausted. Then husband John Bromfield prepares her bath. "Johnnee he put me in tub," she says. "He rub my back and soon I am new again" . . . When Dagmar was in Hollywood she was introduced to Jane Russell, but the two girls didn't get close enough to shake hands.

Alan Ladd claims he's a movie fan and enjoys all pictures but his own. Maybe he's a critic, too . . . I know the manager of a movie theatre who got fired because he watched television in his office instead of selling popcorn in the lobby . . . Danny Kaye loves audiences. "What a feeling," says Danny, "to get out there and know the people like me and I like them and to have a big session together" . . . Clark Gable deserves better pictures! . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, said to a writer, "It's always good to get an original idea that will remind people of a hit movie."

I seldom pass the old Trocadero without thinking of Judy Garland making her debut there before a Hollywood audience singing "Dear Mr. Gable" . . . By the way, you should catch Shelley Winters doing her impersonation of Judy singing "Love." Great! . . . Marlon Brando says, "I became an actor because it's the easiest way I know to make big money" . . . Don't know why it is, but I can see a movie in the afternoon only in a projection room. Wouldn't think of going into a theatre when the sun is shining . . . Having Jane Russell disguised as a boy—they do it for a scene in "Son of Paleface"—is like trying to make the Pyramids in Egypt look like the plains of Nebraska . . . Sally Forrest sits and watches a movie with a tiny dog in her lap. I'd like to catch her when they're both watching Lassie . . . I can't understand why producers think Westerns are sure-fire. They all seem alike to me and, besides you can see them on TV for free.

I saw Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis walking on Schlep Row, and Tony looked prettier . . . Many of the people who criticize Mario Lanza for being temperamental are the same people who say that movie stars aren't as colorful as they used to be . . . When asked why he works so much, Bob Hope answered, "I've got to keep working. After all, I'm a comedian and I've got a government to support" . . . Just so you'll know, as a rule, phony jewelry photographs real and real jewelry photographs phony.



Victor Mature

I am a fellow who can wait patiently for the next Rita Hayworth movie . . . If you're interested, Jane Wyman keeps her Oscar on her mantelpiece, greeting it on her way to work . . . Vivian Blaine didn't win the affection of the coast company of "Guys and Dolls" by saying that not one of that troupe could have made the New York cast. Ray Shaw, a singer in the company, countered with praise for Pamela Britton, who does the Blaine role, by saying, "Miss Britton is a dumb blonde only on stage" . . . Vic Mature was turned down by an exclusive golf club because, they said, they didn't take in actors. Vic told them, "I'm not an actor and I've got over thirty pictures to prove it!" . . . The toughest job M-G-M had with the gigantic "Quo Vadis" was Nero and his fiddle. Everybody knows Nero fiddled while Rome burned, but no one knows what he fiddled, so M-G-M had Miklos Rozsa write some original music for Nero to fiddle. And that's Hollywood for you!



Sally Forrest

was such a happy experience, "It has spoiled me for peek-cheers forever!" . . . Bob Sherwood, who just left M-G-M, wangling an introduction to and never leaving the side of Janice Rule, who just signed with M-G-M . . . Personal to Fred MacMurray: Joyce Holden, who has the face, figure and flair for the kind of comedy that made you and Carole Lombard such a sensational team, confessing her greatest dream is to play opposite you . . . Alex Nicol reminiscing with Anthony Dexter (who sat in a corner with his lovely wife and acted more like a spectator than guest of honor) about Broadway when both were struggling actors! . . . Last year's winner Rock Hudson, who was on location and missed the 1950 party, saying he owed his "second chance" to Susan Cabot, who asked him to be her escort . . . Vivacious Monica Lewis intriguing Anne Francis and Pier Angeli (she almost looks too "natural") with details of her coming tour to Korea, where she'll sing for G.I.'s . . . Robert Clarke introducing Loraine Gayle who proudly wears the diamond that belonged to Bob's mother on her third finger, left hand . . . Kenneth Tobey telling a tall tale about a "thing" that happened to him when he had a seance with a medium and talked to an 18th Century minister—who used 20th Century dialogue! . . . Charlton Heston wiring regrets from the East where he was making personal appearances . . . Ditto Bob Wagner and Polly Bergen, who were on a COMPO tour . . . The stars of tomorrow! Cal can't wait for them to light up the skies of Hollywood!

Hearts and Flowers: There's a damsel deep in the heart of Texas that has Danny boy making those Dailey calls. Her name he is happy *not* to furnish upon request! . . . Time doesn't march on—it gallops! Now it's Maureen O'Hara's young brother who's buying Cokes for John Wayne's eldest daughter . . . Cesar Romero is saying it with orchids, because he thinks those dates with Denise Darcel



IN M-G-M COMMISSARY, Debbie Reynolds hears about stage show Howard Keel hopes to do of his film "Callaway Went Thataway"

STUFF . . .

are the most fun to be had in Hollywood . . . Ann Blyth didn't need the studio to arrange a furlough date for Richard Long. They're old friends, which is why he escorted her to the Press Photographers' Ball . . . Virginia McGuire, who won Photoplay's Scholarship Contest, was having tea at the studio with Warners' casting director. Steve Cochran sat down for a second and the following day they were a "torrid twosome" in the local gossip columns! Virginia is learning her Hollywood lessons early.

Baby Talk: "Half Nelson" wants a baby sister, so the Gene Nelsons have placed their order . . . According to X-ray technicians, that little girl is going to be a second son, which will disappoint the first son of the Mark Stevenses . . . It's a second son for K. T. Stevens and Hugh Marlowe, who optimistically believe their third will be a girl . . . Her name is Romina Francesca Power. Ty and Linda made this selection because they met in Rome and were married in the Santa Francisca Cathedral . . . Since the arrival of his daughter, John Hodiak is so candid-camera happy, Anne Baxter says their negative bills are very positive . . . Audie Murphy, who has "always wanted a kid," is marking off the calendar until next March . . . "If you needed a good rest," inquired Jeff Chandler of Steve McNally, "why did you take your three children to the giant redwoods?" Answered the perpetual papa: "Because—when you have six, as I have, it's like being *alone*—with *three*!"

Tantalizing Troupers: Come with Cal and visit "Inside U-I of 1951." Once a year the studio puts on a show to show producers and press how versatile their newcomers can be. We only wish we could tell you about the undiscovered talents of each and every one. There was "My Girl," clowned to hysterical perfection by Joyce Holden, who was admirably assisted by newcomer Palmer Lee—a boy
(Continued on page 14)



LANA TURNER'S an exciting figure in "The Merry Widow" with Fernando Lamas. She slimmed down to a 21-inch waistline!

Hollywood Party Line



BY EDITH GWYNN



Pat Wymore and Errol Flynn

raw-silk dinner jacket (fashion note!), Scott Brady with Dorothy Malone and the Gene Nelsons cheered the stars of the picture, Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. White sure predominated this opening. Pat Wymore Flynn (see cut) wore an off-shoulder Dior original of white tulle. Millions of permanent pleats made the skirt, which was held in at the waist with a pink satin cummerbund. Pat wore that string of pearls Flynn brought her from Korea, plus a white mink wrap.

It's really been a month for fabulous fashion showings. Rex got most of Hollywood out at ten one morning to show his new lids. There were lots of bejeweled cocktail hats with accent on what goes on in back. Meaning trimmings were set where the view from the rear would be the most exciting . . . Irene proved again that anything goes in the way of line this season by showing many slim suits and dresses among the folds and fullness of the current craze in skirts. Some of her skirts were really gay deceivers in that they looked too tight to walk in but had wonderfully cut inserts of knife or fan pleating center front or on the sides that didn't even show . . . Sophie showed her always glamorous collection at a dinner dance at Romanoff's. Her coats seemed to dominate proceedings and they were in every kind of fabric, design and silhouette . . . Whether your coat is old or new, there are ways to make it seem like two outfits by simply relining it with a silk or crepe of some hue vivid enough to be noticed but not so bright that it won't blend with most of your wardrobe. For instance, a black coat lined with a deep ruby red will be compatible with just about any color (particularly grays, beiges, blues, mauves) and what a lift when the color contrast swishes into view. If your wardrobe is mostly of black, brown, navy or dark green, how about a bright yellow lining with gloves to match? Irene Dunne lined a black coat with electric blue sheer wool—wears it over black, brown, gray or blue. And she's cuffed it with huge turn-backs of black fox. But any number of furs would give the same stunning effect.

One shindig we can't overlook was the jammed session that crowded the Beverly Hills Rodeo Room to view Red Skelton's TV debut. They watched it from many sets placed about the place, then dined and danced. Among those who fell apart over Red's antics were Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl, June Haver with Bill Campbell. Red, bless him, was so overcome from all the back-pats he was getting that in his excitement he leaned over to embrace Monica Lewis and kissed John Wayne by mistake!

The nighttime doings this month included a lovely dinner, followed by a fashion show (mostly the creations of French stylists Dior, Balmain, Fath, Patou, etc.), at the Ambassador Hotel for the benefit of the Los Angeles Orphanage Guild. Emcee Rosalind Russell sparkled not only wittily but fashionably in a two-toned blue satin dress. Walter Pidgeon seemed to enjoy his stint as auctioneer later when beautiful jewels and other prizes went under his hammer. Mervyn LeRoy bought for \$1,200 a mink cape Ann Blyth modelled.

Then there was the glittery premiere of "Streetcar." Ronnie Reagan with Nancy Davis were a woosome again. Also the Jeff Chandlers, Joan Crawford in a white gown, dazzling with white sparkly stuff, with director Curt Bernhardt, the Gordon MacRaes, Dan Dailey with Ann Miller (he switched to Jane Nigh as his favorite date a week later), Paul Douglas in a black



Red Skelton and John Wayne

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY P. S. LOWE



Ginger Rogers

The Stewart Grangers getting over that "first year" hurdle. Stewart was all set to take off somewhere by himself after finishing "Scaramouche" but he and Jean ironed out any difficulties they may have had and are looking forward to co-starring in "Young Bess" . . . Kirk Douglas's sudden and intense desire to become a director . . . Those three sweater changes that Barbara Stanwyck gets in "Clash by Night," which proves she can hold her own in the upper brackets. And, as a contrast, Bette Davis's complete wardrobe for "Phone Call from a Stranger"—a faded nightgown and a swim suit.

The trouble Ginger Rogers had in getting her show, "Love and Let Love," to Broadway! Dissatisfied with the notices, the author wanted to close out of town. But Ginger was determined to see it through. Some of the biggest names on Broadway were called in to rewrite the script but consensus of opinion was that Ginger should have let the show die on the road . . . Eleanor Parker's candid remark: "I want children and lots of them—enough to make the John Farrows (Maureen O'Sullivan) look like slackers." The Farrows have seven now.

Marilyn Monroe's official excuse that she couldn't attend the Press Photographers' Ball because she had nothing to wear. But the real reason, which she confessed to intimates, was she didn't have an escort . . . The Shelley Winters-Vince Edwards-Farley Granger triangle. Shelley, after doing up Paris each night with Farley, would return to her room and place a transatlantic phone call to Vince. Vince makes no secret of the fact that he's going full speed ahead to get Shelley for his own exclusive property . . . The trouble Columbia has been having renaming Judy Holliday's leading man in "The Marrying Kind." They changed his name from Aldo Da Re to John Harrison—and now it's simply Aldo Ray—subject to change again, without much notice, of course.

. . . INSIDE STUFF



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS: When Gary Cooper took Pat Neal to the Mike Romanoff party for Mrs. Dolly O'Brien (Gable's ex-girl friend) . . .



. . . **ONE OF THE** first people they saw was Rocky Cooper, at a table with Van Johnson. Rocky, who went with Cesar Romero, still refuses to give Gary a divorce

(Continued from page 13)
who can't miss. A highly dramatic monologue by Tony Curtis touched everyone to tears. Rock Hudson's transition from a sexy love scene to a rendition of the Charleston was a revelation within itself. Peggy Dow, Hugh O'Brian, Beverly Tyler, Susan Cabot, John Hudson, others too numerous to mention—all brilliant under the brilliant direction of drama coach Sophie Rosenstein. What performers these kiddies be!

Man Hunt: There's a "red" carpet awaiting Farley Granger, but not the usual one accorded returning celebrities. Boss-man Sam Goldwyn is annoyed a-plenty at his handsome young star. Farl was supposed to return from touring the continent with Shelley Winters, on a

certain date. He failed to return, he failed to send word that he wasn't returning and no one knew where or how to reach him. Even his agents and his family didn't know which country he was in. In all fairness to Farley, he knew there wasn't a script ready to shoot and he was perfectly willing to remain off salary until there was. It's happened before and it will probably happen again. Faraway places hold a fatal fascination for Farley. But give him credit for having the courage of his convictions.

It's News That: Peggy Dow has finally capitulated and will become Mrs. Walter Helmerich III (that means heir to an oil fortune, son) and will commute between a honeymoon house in Tulsa and Hollywood. (Continued on page 16)

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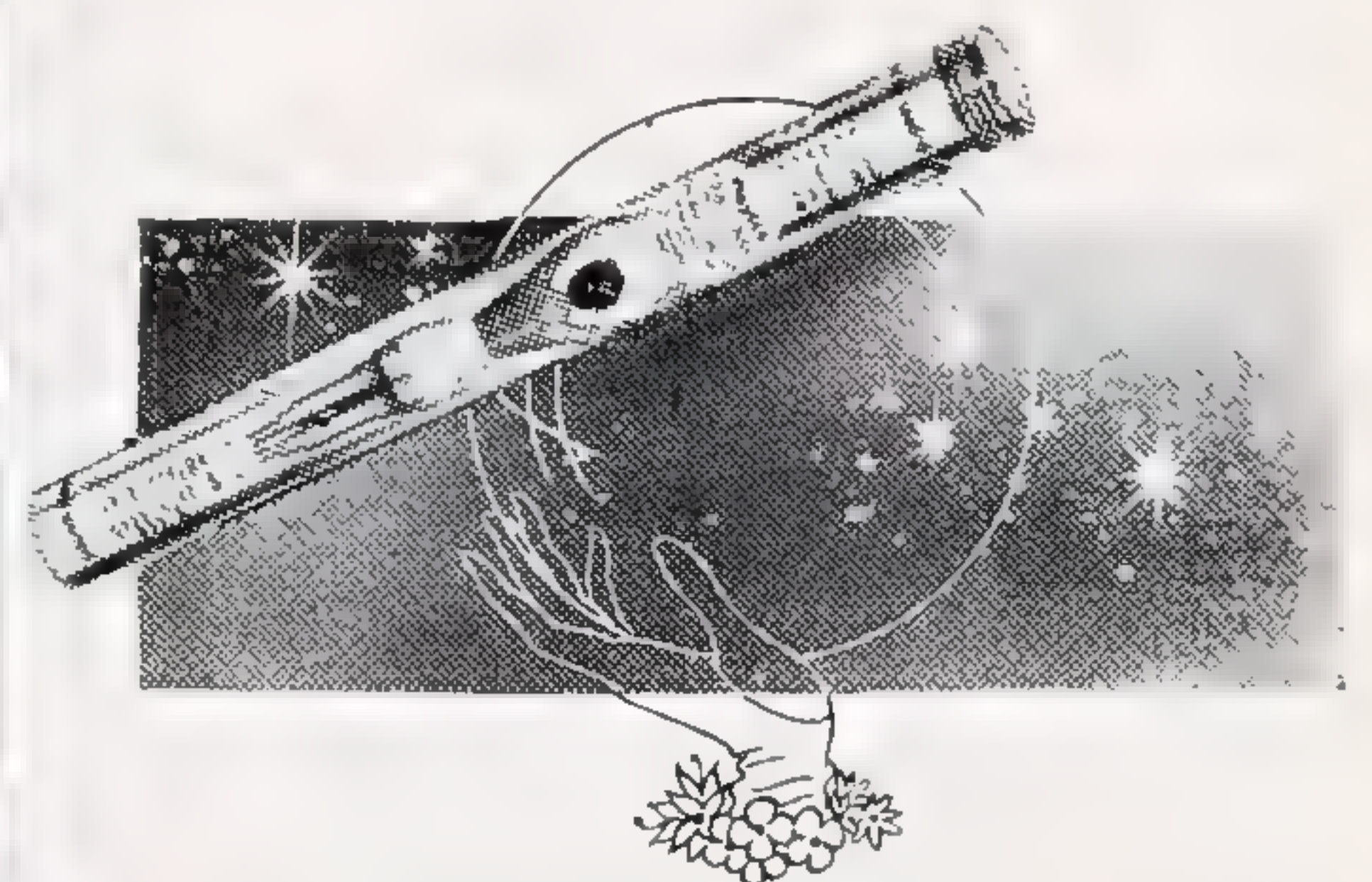
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Impertinent Interview

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent



Coleen Gray

Many a Monday morning Coleen Gray has stepped into her mink coat and snappy convertible and left her impressive Santa Monica home for an important 11 A.M. appointment. Her urgent rendezvous was not with a movie mogul or a purring salesman for imported black sable.

Coleen high-tailed over to the U.S. Employment Service office to collect her \$25 weekly unemployment check. She stood in line with many another famous film name. The others won't admit it. But the beautiful Miss Gray herself proudly announced to us that she's been a member of the "Monday Morning Club."

"When I'm between pictures, I'm among the great army of the unemployed," she shrugged. "It's my legal right to get my insurance. After all, it's my money. It's been taken out of my pay checks ever since I first started work in 1939 as a waitress in St. Paul."

The public, she sighed, figures stars can upholster their Cadillacs in green-backs. "They think we make a mint of money. But after taxes and expenses you just can't make a fortune. Also, our expenses go on when we're not in a picture."

When Coleen accepted the lead in the touring company of "The Moon Is Blue" she went off the \$25-a-week list. But if she is out of work again she will once more apply for the insurance. "This business has been difficult," she said. "People say I've been very lucky. I've done a lot more in the past two years than many others with as much or more talent than I."

The blue-eyed beauty said autograph fans could have a field day at the USES office. "Oh, you meet all your friends there," she grinned. "I couldn't give you their names, though. That would be up to them. I've met some fans in line, too. One man said if he had money to invest he'd star me in a movie. One clerk at the USES showed me a fine movie script he'd written."

Well, we wanted to know, is she nearly broke?

"Oh no, don't make me out to be broke," she said. "I have a house in Santa Monica and money in the bank. But I have parents and a child to support. The unemployment money is mine, so I take it—and am grateful for it. This business is terribly insecure. You never know what will happen."

"Oh, well, if this doesn't work out I can always go back to being a waitress!"

... INSIDE STUFF ...



ALANA, ALAN, DAVID and Sue Ladd arrive at Hearst estate for St. Anne's Foundation Benefit. Hollywood put on big show to raise needed funds



WHEN GENE TIERNEY went on three months' tour of France and Italy she took her daughter Tina along. Here Tina plays in the Tuileries Gardens in Paris

(Continued from page 14)

wood . . . Clark Gable, as rumored, did file suit for a Nevada divorce, all of which caused Sylvia to amend her original complaint and may result in a bloody legal battle that involves a small alimony fortune . . . Gloria De Haven decided to accept her interlocutory divorce decree from John Payne and now she'll live in New York and make two pictures a year in Hollywood . . . Since that unfortunate early morning traffic scrape that involved Judy Garland and Sid Luft, his ex-wife, Lynn Bari, obtained a court order for him "to show cause why he should not be forbidden to see their three-year-old son, except under limited conditions."

For Your Information: The Screen Actors Guild hoped to establish a prece-

dent that would have revoked the membership cards of Barbara Payton and Tom Neal . . . The M-G-M-Greer Garson relationship has reached a point where they could easily come to the parting of the ways . . . Alex Nicol was such a hit in Frank Sinatra's "Meet Danny Wilson," he's getting a new contract and star billing . . . Gig Young's overdue reward is a new M-G-M contract (Cal tipped you off several months ago) with a four-figure weekly salary . . . Patrice Wymore stood right next to Jeanne Crain at the meat counter in the Laurel and Sunset market. Neither housewife recognized the other . . . Scott Brady moved out of that apartment and into a hilltop home, because he likes to play records loud and long after midnight . . . No one would

(Continued on page 21)

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featuring THE CHARLIVELS

screen play by

SID SILVERS & HAL KANTER

directed by

JAMES V. KERN





DUSTY HAS HIS own tractor but Linda Lou, a carbon copy of her dad—she even walks like Roy—prefers hitching a ride with him. Although he has men to do farm chores, Roy loves to plow. As a boy he helped father run Duck Run farm in Ohio



CHERYL IS THE family pianist—doesn't have to be coaxed to play when Linda Lou, Dale and Dusty want to sing

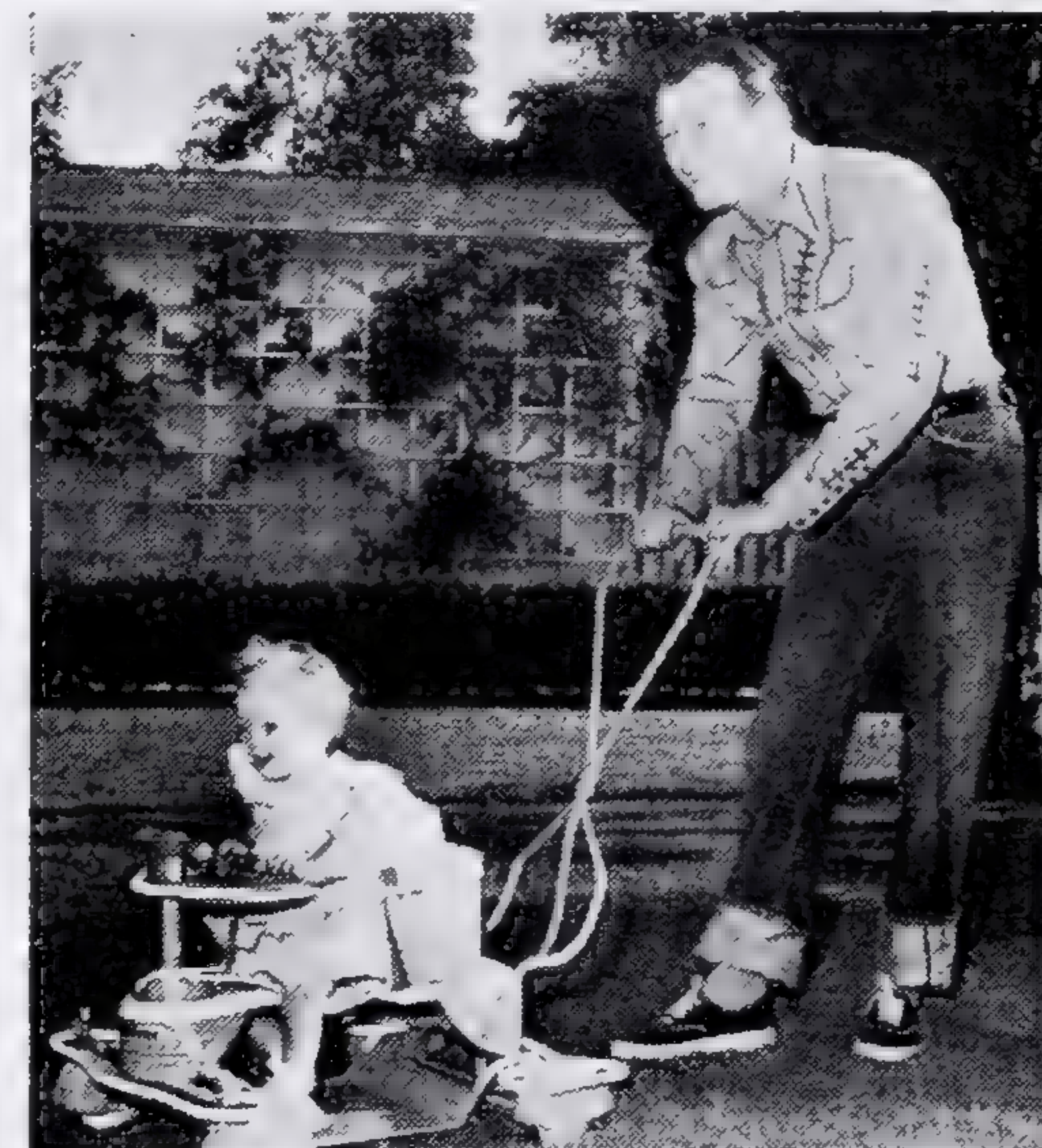
COWBOY'S CASTLE

When Roy Rogers and Trigger aren't riding those movie ranges, they head for this San Fernando Valley home

IN SPITE OF movie, radio, rodeo and TV schedules (Roy and Dale debut on TV December 30) life on the Rogers ranch is casual and homey. Roy, who is in "Son of Paleface," is an adoring father, but strict. Among other chores, Cheryl exercises the horses (she loves to ride bareback) and Dusty and Linda Lou take care of the chickens.



THE HOUSE is rambling, a one-story ranch style. Behind it are tennis courts, fenced-in swimming pool and stables



ROBIN ELIZABETH, age one, is still delicate but making fine progress. She adores Dusty, follows him everywhere



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..... INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)
take that bet that writer Cy Howard would be the first to date Lana Turner. The pattern was too familiar!

Lime-light: Unfortunately, in every public gathering there's always some maladjusted person like the one who threw limes at Dorothy Lamour and Debra Paget. They were in Brockton, Massachusetts, on a "Movietime, U.S.A." tour, when the shameful incident took place. La Lamour, a seasoned trouper, took it in stride and cracked, "I just forgot to duck!" For Debra, who is sweet, sincere and unused to the world's pettiness, it was a shock that left a lasting impression.

Bulls and Belles: Amongst other European achievements, Yvonne De Carlo returned home (to play opposite Joel McCrea) bearing gifts of jewelry from Mario Cabre. Hollywood's now wondering and waiting to hear if the famous matador, who once held public readings of his poetry dedicated to Ava Gardner, will come up with a repeat performance!

Grand Old Girl: Dark-eyed and devastating, she stood there looking up at the Superior Court Judge. "How old are you, Joan Eunson?" he asked the routine question. Without a moment's hesitation, she answered: "I'm *fourteen*, your honor." Poor Joan Evans wished she could have disappeared through the floor! "Now *why* did I say that?" the well-poised seventeen-year-old wailed at home that night. Having selected wise parents, she received a wise answer. "You stopped being Joan Eunson at fourteen," they explained, "but it is still your legal name. When the judge used it, you subconsciously went right back to the age when you last *were* Joan Eunson. It was an honest, normal reaction." Eunson or Evans, we love her! She couldn't be happier having her fifth option taken up by Sam Goldwyn.

Picture Palaver: It's one of the most entertaining movies of the year, but they may recall "Angels in the Outfield" and retitle it. Currently it isn't attracting the cash customers... For over ten years she's been their number one box office star, but her studio never bought a big Broadway musical for Betty Grable. That's why she's campaigning for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—and *they do* when the blonde is Betty! . . . Rock Hudson finished his final scene in "Bend of the River," drove his best girl to Santa Barbara for dinner and discovered he'd left his wallet in his dressing room. Fortunately, the head waiter had just seen "Iron Man" and happily extended credit . . . For the first time in her illustrious career, Bette Davis wears a one-piece bathing suit in "Phone Call from a Stranger." She insists, however, it won't cause Esther Williams to lose a stroke—or have one!

According to Cal: Our girl is growing up! Debbie Reynolds seen shopping for gold cuff-links in miniature ice-skate design. Surprise—Surprise! They were a present for ice skating



BILL DOZIER—crowned favorite bachelor of the month by 4 F'ers (for Fame, Fun, Fortune or Fortitude) Dru Mallory, Marie Windsor, Ann Sheridan—views Marie's etchings, right. Girls meet twice monthly at Romanoff's to look over bachelor crop



star Bobby Specht . . . Gregory Peck's complete exhaustion from overwork necessitated his resignation from La Jolla Playhouse activities and enforced a no-picture-making respite . . . The Van Johnsons delighted guests by marking each place at the dinner table with a Holy Medal blessed by the Pope . . . Doris Day will next record an album of beddie-bye stories for the kiddies, with soothing, sweet songs by soothing, sweet Doris to go with 'em.

Grape-Vine: Well, at least twenty-four hours went by before those rumors started to spread. On Sunday Fernando Lamas announced that Mrs. Lamas was returning to Argentina for a second trial separation. Her handsome husband pleaded with the press to "Please write nicely because my wife and I are the best of friends and I wouldn't want this announcement to hurt her." The press "wrote nicely." On Monday, however, the rumor rumbled that Fernando was romantically interested and vice versa, in Lana Turner. It probably had to happen. They would make a handsome, romantic-looking couple. They *are* making "The Merry Widow," together and Fernando did escort Lana to the "American in Paris" premiere in Hollywood.

As We Go to Press: His studio is gravely concerned over the thyroid condition that's preventing Mario Lanza from reattaining his normal weight and appearing before the camera . . . Rossellini says "It's bunk" and Ingrid Bergman says "It's sheer fantasy," which is this month's denial of those habitual divorce rumors . . . Along came a black-widow spider who sat down beside her—and bit her! But Kathryn Grayson is recovering . . . Audrey Totter's visit to the United Nations hospitals in Korea has her crusading for badly needed visitors

from Hollywood . . . Roy Rogers won his Federal Court suit to enjoin the showing of his "old" pictures on TV for commercial purposes . . . It's all over but deciding whether they'll live in his or hers, on account of because both Mr. and Mrs. Howard Duff (Ida Lupino) have houses at Malibu Beach . . . Angela Lansbury is now wearing those maternity blouses that Mrs. Tyrone Power no longer needs.

Set-Stuff: It was just like the good old days of movie making. On a sound stage, Cal watched Mervyn LeRoy direct one of those fabulous fashion shows for "Lovely to Look at." The gowns designed by Adrian (he was brought back to M-G-M to repeat former triumphs) were positively sensational looking models. Just as they were ready for a take, Zsa Zsa Hilton (Mrs. George Sanders), who has such a fantastic jewel collection, walked on the set. She was wearing that huge square-cut diamond that almost covers one hand. Red Skelton took one look, shielded his eyes from the blinding glare and pretended to swoon. "Why, Red!" exclaimed Zsa Zsa. "It isn't *new*!" Then Red *did* swoon.

Best Man: Of all the days to announce their marriage was shaky, a local columnist picked the day Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall were moving into their own beautiful new Brentwood home. Take it from Cal, who was there for a preview peek, not even this stupid untruth could have spoiled the excitement of this dream come true. Just to give you a little idea of how happy they are, Morty presented his bride with a little house present, which was a little ol' Aleutian mink stole. She gave him one of those fabulous new relaxing pillows. Plug it in and while you're sleeping it massages the neck and head. Morty figures it will come in mighty handy when the first of the month rolls 'round!



DICK WESSON, Ruth Roman, Janice Rule and all-star cast in gay musical based on Hollywood's service entertainment units

✓✓ (F) Starlift (Warners)

REGARD this, please, as a good deed movie. It tells of the morale building the Hollywood stars do for servicemen leaving for and returning from the Korean front at Travis Air Force Base, Fairfield, California. Entertainment mingles pleasantly with reality. And romance is heightened by actual scenes of embarkation and debarkation. Such stars as Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Jane Wyman, Virginia Mayo, Gene Nelson, Ruth Roman, James Cagney, Gary Cooper, Frank Lovejoy, Patrice Wymore, Phil Harris and Randolph Scott play themselves. Janice Rule and Ron Hagerthy provide the romance, Janice playing a Hollywood starlet and Ron a young corporal and member of the crew flying troops back and forth between the base and Honolulu. When his buddy, Dick Wesson, leads Janice to believe he and Ron are off to the front, she tenderly kisses Ron farewell and Louella Parsons prints news of a romance. When Janice discovers the truth, the romance pops higher than a champagne cork. Between sessions of the stormy love affair, Doris, Jane and Gordon sing, Janice and Gene dance and Gary, Frank and Phil cut capers.

Your Reviewer Says: A good deed well done.

Program Notes: Visits by Hollywood personalities to Travis Air Base are now a weekly event. They had their inception when Ruth Roman first visited the field over a year ago. When Louella Parsons and other stars became interested in the project, producer Jack Warner immediately began production on "Starlift." Backgrounds for the film were photographed on the base. Included were scenes of the flight line, evacuation of patients from a C-97, the terminal cafeteria, the base theatre and hospital. Brigadier General Joe W. Kelly, division commander, gave the weekly flight from Burbank to Travis Field its name, "Operation Starlift," and was a frequent visitor throughout the shooting. Major George E. Andrews acted as technical adviser . . . Janice Rule makes her debut in the film, coming directly from the Broadway stage . . . Young Hagerthy, a local boy, played Frank Lovejoy's son in "I Was a Communist for the FBI" and won a contract for his work in this one.

SHADOW

✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



WHEN HEDY LAMARR mistakes burlesque clown, Bob Hope, for a foreign agent—the fun takes on an international flavor

✓✓ (F) My Favorite Spy (Paramount)

THIS is a Bob Hope movie so need we say more? If so, we can say it in two words—Hedy Lamarr. With Beauty and old Scoop Face as a team it doesn't matter much what the story is about. But briefly, Bob is a burlesque clown who is called upon by government agents to impersonate an international spy who could pass for his double. Or vice versa. The dangerous adventure takes our hero to Tangiers and straight into the arms of glamour Lamarr. Any resemblance to sanity in any department of the story from then on is strictly a coincidence but who cares? It's funny, it's entertaining and you'll probably love it. The ending is funnier than an old time slap-stick comedy with Bob swinging in the breeze from the end of a fire-truck ladder.

Your Reviewer Says: Go on, split a gusset, what do you care?

Program Notes: Hope left for England the minute the film was finished to make personal appearances at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London for an English charity. He later flew to Germany and France where he entertained our troops . . . Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan wrote the "I Wind Up Taking a Fall" number and Jay Livingston and Ray Evans composed "Just a Moment More" which Hedy sings—and for the first time on the screen. Francis L. Sullivan, the ample Englishman who plays the villain, was so broken up by Hope's antics he could scarcely get through his scenes . . . Mike Mazurki interrupted an exhibition wrestling tour to fly to Hollywood for the role of Monkara, one of Sullivan's henchmen. Mazurki, who began his wrestling career in 1935, has alternated from camera to canvas ever since . . . Hank Hope, Bob's nephew, made his final appearance before the camera as a foreign agent, before reporting for active duty with the Army. Hank hopes there's nothing prophetic about the fact he gets considerably bumped off in his Uncle Bob's film.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 87. For Best Pictures of the Month and

STAGE

BY SARA HAMILTON

F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
A—FOR ADULTS



ALEX NICOL, Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters re-enact fictionalized facts about a brash young singer's fight to reach the top

✓✓½ (F) Meet Danny Wilson (U-I)

QUITE simply this is a frank story about Frank. Or if Sinatra is not actually playing himself, then he comes close enough to his now familiar past of brashness, rashness, lavishness and ingratitude to tread on his own toes. In fact, this amazingly semi-autobiographical honesty serves to intensify the story, grip the interest and shoot the film right up to entertainment importance. And Frank is good, better than he's yet been on the screen, playing a smarty-pants singer who hits big time replete with squealing fans, public brawls, salary splitting and a break with his loyal friend and manager, played by Alex Nicol. Shelley Winters, larger in every direction than her lover-boy Frankie, seems the only discordant note in the picture. Raymond Burr is the hoodlum who plagues Frankie into sudden maturity.

Your Reviewer Says: Solid!!!

Program Notes: To quote from Universal, "Certain scenes in the script about a nobody from the streets of New York who wallops his way up to become the nation's number one crooner are tailored right from the pattern of Sinatra himself, who came up from the sidewalks of New Jersey." And, to quote Frankie, "It's like turning back the clock. This is such a fine line between real life and reel life that I'm a little confused. Do I really have make-up on?" . . . Mr. Sinatra remained true to life in the crooning department as well, refusing corny novelty songs for such standbys as "Old Black Magic" and "When You're Smiling." The studio ordered Frank to add five pounds to his 139 but after a diet of goat's milk, fat beef and whipped cream, he discovered he'd lost a pound and a half . . . Tall, blond Alex Nicol played Henry Fonda's understudy in "Mr. Roberts" before Universal signed him . . . Raymond Burr was once a fire-fighter for the Forestry Service in Oregon and will be remembered as the D.A. who sends Montgomery Clift to his death in "A Place in the Sun."



ROBERT TAYLOR learns never to underestimate the stamina of a woman—like Denise Darcel—in this Western of pioneer days

✓✓½ (F) Westward the Women (M-G-M)

ACROSS wide prairies, rugged mountains and endless deserts, march 140 women to men who will marry them in a far-off California valley. Led by Robert Taylor, a veteran guide and scout, the women march through a page of American history, their footsteps echoing the heroism of the dauntless courage of the women of our pioneer days. The story opens in a small Chicago meeting hall. There John McIntire recruits women as wives for the men who live and work in his fertile California valley. During their heartbreaking trek west they endure floods, Indian attacks, desertion by the men of Taylor's crew. And some die on the way. Denise Darcel and Julie Bishop, "fancy" girls out for a new start—bluff and hearty Hope Emerson, Beverly Dennis—the frail schoolteacher—and Italian Renata Vanni are outstanding among the women.

Your Reviewer Says: A powerful Western.

Program Notes: M-G-M sent the largest location company in studio history 1,000 miles to the historic California Trail of the forty-niners . . . Robert Taylor returned from seven months in Italy making "Quo Vadis" to take on the colorful role of Buck Wyatt . . . Denise Darcel, the "friendly" native of Bastogne in "Battleground," won the role of Fifi Danon who captures the heart of Taylor, after director William Wellman had tested many others . . . After Wellman saw University of Hawaii student Henry Nakamura in the role of Tommy in "Go for Broke," he wrote in the part of Ito for the small actor.

Best Performances See Page 26. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 86

(F) The Lady Says No (U.A.)

SOMEONE with an antiquated sense of plot construction thought it would be screamingly funny if David Niven, as a photographer for "Life" magazine, and Joan Caulfield, as a prudish young authoress, should spend time in a sleazy night club, a trailer and Heaven knows where else while Joan gets herself humanized. Maybe we're wrong about this, but the people around us weren't amused or even slightly entertained. That's for sure.

Your Reviewer Says: Not as funny as it was meant to be.

Program Notes: Joan Caulfield's husband, Frank Ross, makes his directorial debut in this one and acts as producer along with John Stillman Jr. Mr. Ross recruited most of the supporting players from the New York stage . . . Frances Bavier, who plays Miss Caulfield's aunt, has had twenty-five years of Broadway experience and Lenore Lonergan, young stage comedienne, plays Goldie, James Robertson Justice (Uncle Matt) is a popular actor in Britain.

✓ (A) The Big Night (U.A.)

JOHN BARRYMORE JR. becomes embroiled in a moody, oppressive bit of drama that advances the march of movies no farther than the nearest wailing wall. However, it does reveal quite clearly that the Barrymore lad has talent and if not hampered continually by comparisons to you-know-who, may one day become a fine actor. Shame and revenge are the forces that propel John Jr. through the long night of gloom that blankets this one. Shame for an adored father, Robert Preston, who suffers a beating without protest and the urgency for revenge on the man who delivered that beating, Howard St. John. Philip Bourneuf is the professor, Joan Lorrying the sympathetic girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Help yourself to a load of "miseries," folks.

Program Notes: Joan Lorrying returned to Hollywood and "The Big Night" after a long run on Broadway in "Come Back, Little Sheba" . . . All sorts of complications beset Barrymore after this film. Leaving the cast of a stage play a few nights before opening, for the simple reason he didn't feel himself capable, brought him chastisement in the newspapers from his famous Aunt Ethel, who later forgave him. The two plan to appear together in a picture in the near future.

✓ (F) Slaughter Trail (RKO)

SOMEONE who has been listening to those singing commercials on the radio had an idea. It wasn't good. All through this picture, off stage singing breaks into the action to interrupt the story and drive the audience slightly wacky. For instance, a stagecoach is held up by a band of robbers on Slaughter Trail to the accompaniment of off-stage singing. And loud, too. The heroine arrives at a U. S. Cavalry Post (this is 1882) with the same old "Hoofbeat Serenade" filling the canyon. Soldiers take after the robbers (song, song, song) and Indians take after the soldiers while the warbling goes right on. Nothing can stop it. Brian Donlevy, Robert Hutton, Virginia Grey, Andy Devine and Gig Young roam around in the melody.

Your Reviewer Says: I likes my shootin' without no singin', see.

Program Notes: A comical sight, indeed, was a band of real Navajos trying on wigs flown from Hollywood. Because these Indians no longer wear braids as they did in '82, false ones were provided . . . The troupe

encamped on a two-acre tract in the Santa Susana mountains, seeking shelter from the sudden desert sandstorms behind wet burlap sacking. Despite the spills and tumbles necessary to the plot, Gig Young was the only casualty. Gig became lame from square-dancing in his high-heeled cowboy boots.

✓✓ (F) Two Tickets to Broadway (RKO)

A HAPPY, talent-laden musical with beautiful people attempting to crash television which, heavens knows, is a relief from the old trying-to-make-Broadway formulas. Tony Martin and his wonderful voice are surrounded by such lovelies as Janet Leigh, Gloria de Haven, Barbara Lawrence and Ann Miller. With Eddie Bracken as a misguiding agent they eventually make the Bob Crosby television show but the shenanigans that go on before they hit are plain unvarnished ridiculous. The famous French acrobatic trio, "The Charlivels," and the variety show headliners, Joe Smith and Charlie Dale, playing delicatessen owners, provide the zip between the intervals of romance.

Your Reviewer Says: A lot for your money.

Program Notes: Jule Styne and Leo Robin wrote the musical numbers . . . Janet Leigh, who sings and dances on the screen for the first time, rehearsed several months on the various song-and-dance numbers and incidentally swung that baton like a veteran . . . Gloria de Haven began her career singing with Bob Crosby's band and had many "do-you-remember" sessions with the famous band leader.

✓½ (F) Silver City (Paramount)

IT'S the silver in them thar' hills that prompts the action in this one and never mind the gold. Story built around the precious metal has Edmond O'Brien an outcast in the far West of 1870 for conspiring with robbers to obtain a mine assay. Word of his one misdeed keeps O'Brien hopping from one lost job to another until finally he goes into the assaying business on his own. To his office come Yvonne De Carlo and her father Edgar Buchanan for an assay of the ore from the mine leased from Barry Fitzgerald. All goes well until Richard Arlen, who knows first hand of O'Brien's misdeed, arrives in town and upsets the apple-cart in more ways than one. It's a sound, well-developed movie with brawls, fights, murder, exciting chases and romance keeping the interest high. Gladys George, Laura Elliot, Michael Moore, John Dierkes round out the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: All sorts of unusual outdoor activities.

Program Notes: The lumber town of Tuolumne City had its building fronts "unlifted" to suit the 1870 period . . . Oddly enough, a gold mine of the Trans-Sierra Company "stood in" for the silver mine and even in glowing Technicolor no one knew the difference . . . During the exciting chase scene the local lumbermen laid off work to stare goggle-eyed at the daring lads from Hollywood who took plenty of chances.

✓✓ (F) Too Young to Kiss (M-G-M)

PROTHY and a bit light in the head, this completely unbelievable yarn emerges—under the expert thespianing of June Allyson and Van Johnson—quite a charming bit of entertainment. Naturally no one believes Van is a concert manager wrangling nasty tempers out of high-priced artists, nor do they credit for a moment the fact that June is a concert pianist passing herself off as a fourteen-year-old prodigy and dressed like a ten-year-old

brat. However, once convinced we're not really supposed to swallow this whopper, a body can relax and enjoy the quite ridiculous goings-on. Gig Young plays the reporter who exposes the masquerade.

Your Reviewer Says: Romantic gaiety.

Program Notes: June Allyson reported to M-G-M and "Too Young to Kiss" for the first time since the birth of her son. Naturally every spare moment away from the camera was spent by June on the phone inquiring for young Richard . . . Van could talk of nothing but his forthcoming trip to Rome where a movie awaited him. Evie Johnson was just as eager, spending many lunch hours at the studio making plans with her husband . . . Gig Young complained that this constant losing of the heroine was giving him a complex. Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, who wrote this story, promised to do better by Gig next time.

✓½ (F) The Strange Door (U-I)

CHARLES LAUGHTON has himself a ball acting all over this creepy, corny story. And Boris Karloff clanks around as the kindly disposed guardian of Laughton's brother, Paul Cavanagh, imprisoned in a deep dungeon for twenty years because the girl Laughton loved preferred him. To further feed his hatred and appease his revengeful spirit, Charles plans to have Paul's daughter, Sally Forrest, wed scalawag Richard Stapley, hoping to engulf his niece in marital unhappiness, but the plan backfires in Laughton's pudgy face.

Your Reviewer Says: Hoky with a capital H.

Program Notes: Sally Forrest announced to one and all that she loved working with two of the screen's worst villains and that Mr. Laughton was a dear and Mr. Karloff a sweetiepie . . . Sweetiepie Karloff spent his spare moments on the set reading Keats and talking about his prize-winning camellia bushes . . . Mr. Laughton, who has mellowed after twenty years in Hollywood, listened to the progress of the New York Giants via his dressing room radio . . . Mr. Richard Stapley, the English actor, writes books and operas between movies and stage plays.

✓½ (F) The Tanks Are Coming (Warners)

TANK warfare comes in with a special spotlight on a lead tank commanded by Steve Cochran, as Sgt. F. A. Sullivan. According to the story, he won World War II single-handed when he took command of a tank crew whose respected leader had been killed. All through the push from St. Lo in France to Germany, Cochran rides his men unmercifully. He rescues one of them under fire and brings in a whole platoon of Germans, all at the same time. Some guy! And Cochran plays that way, too. It's a hard working movie all the way. Tanks in action performing most realistically. Handsome newcomer Robert Horton, playing Captain Horner, looks like a find to us. Paul Picerni, Robert Boon, Eugene Baxter, Ray Hyke comprise the tank crew with Harry Bel-laver as Lemcheck and James Dobson as Ike providing the lighter moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Rugged!!!

Program Notes: This film is set forth as an authentic dramatization of heroes and tanks of the famous 3rd Armored (Spearhead) Division. Most of the shooting took place at Fort Knox, Kentucky, armored training center . . . Cochran became so tank happy he latched onto one of the iron monsters when no one was watching and went for a joy ride. The cowboy boots Steve
(Continued on page 26)

FRANKIE and SHELLEY...what a dynamite duo
When they get together!
Romance goes wild and Rhythm runs riot!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents
FRANK SINATRA
SHELLEY WINTERS
ALEX NICOL



Meet **DANNY WILSON**

with
RAYMOND BURR



Story and Screenplay by DON MCGUIRE • Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN

(Continued from page 24)
wore for his role caused a furor among the trainees who wanted to wear them, too. Orders read: "Take them off."

✓✓ (F) Let's Make It Legal (20th Century-Fox)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT plays a grand-mother and looks no more grandmotherish than Dietrich. Truth is, we liked Claudette better in her womanly role of mother to a selfish daughter and grandma to a darling baby than we have in a long time. It's comedy, of course, with Claudette's old suitor, Zachary Scott, arriving on the scene the very day her divorce from Macdonald Carey becomes final. The two were once suitors for Claudette's hand and after twenty years, as it turns out, they are still. The characters, unlike the zanies in most farce-like comedies, are startlingly lifelike, which makes the story grown-up and doubly delightful. Robert Wagner as the son-in-law is a comer, as Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" results proved. Barbara Bates, who plays his wife, is a splendid young actress.

Your Reviewer Says: A real happy-happy maker.

Program Notes: When Claudette took up her brush and oils one day, the whole cast gathered 'round to watch, for Miss Colbert is by far the best amateur painter in Hollywood . . . During production Macdonald Carey bought a house six minutes from the studio and became a hero to all the kids in the block, his own included, when he turned soda jerk in the new kiddies' bar . . . Zachary Scott spent his spare moments working out details for his own producing company, Dix Films, which will operate in Mexico . . . Robert Wagner has had only small roles in two pictures before this one, but Twentieth are so sold on Robert, they plan to up his rating from now on.

✓✓ (F) The Family Secret (Columbia)

A SERIOUS, tension-building movie, sound in cast and direction, yet it consumes too much time in the telling, thereby lessening the suspense. John Derek accidentally kills his best friend and refuses to confess his crime. When an innocent man (Whit Bissell) is brought to trial for the murder, John's father, Lee J. Cobb, defends him. Aware of his son's guilt, Cobb determines to free his client, realizing a new investigation may lead to John's apprehension. But Bissell suddenly dies and John is free from future investigation. His tortured conscience remains with him, however. Jody Lawrance plays his sweetheart, Erin O'Brien-Moore his mother.

Your Reviewer Says: An edge-of-the-seat movie most of the way.

Program Notes: John Derek hurried home from the studio each evening in order to spend an hour with his young son, Russell, before the baby's bedtime. John is teaching the year-old lad to walk. . . . Jody Lawrance was presented with a new dressing room by producer Robert Lord during the shooting. Over its door hung a sign, "Jody's Joint. For Being a Good Kid" . . . Lee J. Cobb sold his Beechcraft Bonanza and decided to stay on the ground for a while. His many movie offers leave him little time for flying these days.

✓✓ (F) The Racket (RKO)

ROUGH, tough action with a couple of rugged lads on opposite sides of the law fighting it out. Robert Mitchum seems incongruously cast as the fearless police officer. Robert Ryan is the murdering

hoodlum who comes to grips with Mitchum, only to lose at the hands of double-crossing William Conrad. Elizabeth Scott plays the night-club canary (I picked up dis lingo goin' to de movies, see) in love with Ryan's brother, Brett King. The rather outmoded plot attempts to show the link between criminals and politicians, as exposed in the Senate Crime Investigations Committee in an effort to bring the gangster film up to date. Somehow the attempt falls flat but the action leaps along in high gear. Ray Collins plays a crooked state's attorney, William Talman the murdered cop, and Robert Hutton the young reporter.

Your Reviewer Says: Better reform, boys, or Kefauver will get you.

Program Notes: Exterior night scenes were shot on downtown Los Angeles streets and in suburban Culver City . . . Several near accidents occurred when stunt men ran a speeding car into a frame (breakaway) shack. Flying boards whacked heads right and left . . . The studio hoped the switch casting, with Mitchum as the honest police captain and Ryan the law breaker, would startle the audience. It didn't. The mistake could be felt all over the theatre.

✓✓ (F) The Light Touch (M-G-M)

SMOOTH as satin, clever as rose-tinted sin, "The Light Touch" wends its diabolical way along a too lengthy, repetitious road. A shorter route would have enhanced the exciting events that begin with Stewart Granger stealing a masterpiece from a European art gallery, making his way to Tunis, and double-dealing crafty art dealer George Sanders into half believing the painting has been destroyed. Pier Angeli, a young Italian artist, is lured into copying the stolen masterpiece through declarations of love by Granger. In this way he hopes doubly to enrich himself by selling both the original and the copy. He even weds Pier in order to convince her of his sincerity, but alas, treachery backtracks. Against some of the best background music since "The Third Man," move Joseph Calleia, Mike Mazurki and Kurt Kasznar.

Your Reviewer Says: Sophistication in a big, double dose.

Program Notes: Pier, who was brought to Hollywood right after her touching performance in "Teresa," was sent right back to Italy to make "The Light Touch." Her next will be on location in Germany . . . This was Stewart's first modern role since he was put under contract to M-G-M. His others: "The Wild North," "Soldiers Three," "Scaramouche" and "Young Bess" were all period pieces.

Best Pictures of the Month

Westward the Women

Meet Danny Wilson

I Want You

Best Performances of the Month

Farley Granger, Dana Andrews in

"I Want You"

The Women in "Westward the Women"

Pier Angeli, Stewart Granger in

"The Light Touch"

✓1/2 (F) Ten Tall Men (Columbia)

THE Riffs and the Roughs meet on the sands of the Sahara and what goes on is no tea party, chums. With a sort of tongue-in-cheek attitude, Burt Lancaster plays a sergeant in the French Foreign Legion. With a band of ten men, he attempts to stall off an Arab attack until reinforcements arrive in the city of Tafa. Kidnaping the beautiful Arab princess, played by Jody Lawrance, on the eve of her wedding, the ten Legionnaires lead the Riffs a merry chase over the burning sands. Romance between the Princess and Burt blooms all over the place despite the arid locale. Gilbert Roland, George Tobias and Kieron Moore are among the ten tall ones. Stephen Bekassy plays the spiteful lieutenant.

Your Reviewer Says: Adventure you want? Adventure you got!

Program Notes: Resplendent with Technicolor, the Colorado Desert of California took on an unaccustomed liveliness when the "Ten Tall Men" cast and crew moved in for some sandy action. The company had a much better time, however, when they located in Palm Springs for twelve days shooting among the sand dunes nearby . . . A much-needed desert stream was provided by letting water out of the All American canal for several miles and then coursing it into nearby orchards when the water-action was completed . . . Jody Lawrance plays her fourth leading role in this picture, having previously played opposite John Derek and Louis Hayward . . . Burt Lancaster not only starred in the film but kept a weather eye out for production costs, this being a Norma Production, the company formed by Lancaster and Harold Hecht.

✓✓1/2 (F) I Want You (Goldwyn)

ONCE in a long while there comes along a movie that refuses to overglamorize and romanticize life and gets right down to the business of everyday honest people and their problems. This is such a movie, telling of the Greer family with father Robert Keith, a likable blow-hard of a sort, doting mother Mildred Dunnock and their sons, Dana Andrews and Farley Granger. The ever-widening world conflict reaches into their secure life, disrupting their plans and dreams. How they meet it is tenderly and realistically set forth in a connecting series of homey, understandable events. Peggy Dow and Dorothy McGuire round out the excellent cast. Martin Milner registers as a boy who goes off to war in spite of the effort of his father to keep him from being drafted. Beautifully adult, the picture presents a sincerity that will be felt and appreciated by everyone.

Your Reviewer Says: Our recommendation.

Program Notes: Mark Robson, who directed Peggy Dow in "Bright Victory," was so impressed by her work that he persuaded Sam Goldwyn to borrow Peggy for this film and one other a year under his banner . . . Dana is completing twelve years under contract to Goldwyn—longest for any star Sam ever had . . . Dorothy McGuire's rehearsals of "Legend of Lovers," her new Broadway show, were postponed so that she might make this picture. With two new films to her credit (the other is "Callaway Went Thataway"), Dorothy feels she can spend the next year on the stage . . . Sam Goldwyn Jr. read the original story of "I Want You" in the New Yorker and persuaded Pop that this was the kind of movie the audiences would go for. Mr. Goldwyn Sr., who is writing his biography now, refuses to answer questions about his life when he is interviewed. Says Sam, "Buy a copy of the book and find out for yourself."

"Nero fiddled while I burned!"

says **DEBORAH KERR**
co-starring with **ROBERT TAYLOR**
in MGM's Technicolor Production
"QUO VADIS"



You'll see Nero and the burning of Rome in 'Quo Vadis'. And if you know how steam heat parches *your* skin, you can imagine how dry mine felt after making that scene. I had to be photographed *inches* away from live, crackling flames.



Soaking in water for this escape scene dried my skin again...



And later, 'my hands were tied', literally, with a harsh rope...



So I soothed my hands, arms and face with Jergens Lotion...



It kept them lovely and smooth-as-silk for romantic close-ups.



At home, too, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret"...



Being liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin...

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

You can prove it yourself with the simple test described above...



You'll see why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!

Applaud a New Star



GOLDEN GIRL

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



MITZI GAYNOR ★ DALE ROBERTSON ★ DENNIS DAY ★ JAMES BARTON with Una Merkel
Raymond Walburn
Produced by GEORGE JESSEL Directed by LLOYD BACON Screen Play by WALTER BULLOCK, CHARLES O'NEAL and GLADYS LEHMAN From a Story by ALBERT and ARTHUR
LEWIS and EDWARD THOMPSON



I WAS THERE



EXCLUSIVE pictures of Judy in her dressing room and on the old Palace stage, where her heart overflowed as she received baskets of flowers from all over the world—including one from daughter Liza

This was no
personal appearance
of a movie star—
this was a
great trouper,
giving her all

By BEVERLY LINET



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN MANCUSO

I'LL NEVER FORGET Judy Garland's opening at the Palace. Neither will anyone else who was there. A star-studded audience paid a six-dollar top to see her. The theatre was completely renovated for her, hung with priceless paintings and sparkling crystal chandeliers. And a red velvet carpet was spread from the curb in front of the theatre right up to the stage.

On stage came eight young men, billed as "Judy's Boyfriends," chanting a little ditty about her. There was a flash of black velvet behind them and the applause grew and grew into an ovation that threatened never to stop. But Judy, stepping to the footlights, shouted the crowd down. Her first number was a medley especially written for this evening—"Until (Continued on page 71)



Is Mario Lanza Hollywood's biggest headache?

He's Mr. Big—conceited, ungrateful,
uncooperative. That's what gossip says. Hedda
faced him with all the charges. She
didn't pull any punches. Neither did Mario

BY HEDDA HOPPER

MARIO LANZA, so many columns say, "Should change his favorite song to 'Be My Lunch' " . . . "Mario Lanza has sent a script back to producer Pasternak unopened" . . . "Mario Lanza's head also needs reducing" . . . "How big can you get?" . . .

The "vicious whispering campaign" against Mario—whispering, my hat, bellowing would be more like it—started during the production of "The Great Caruso." It reached an explosive climax when Mario refused to make "Because You're Mine" (originally titled, "The Big Cast")

Mario's studio accused him of being egotistical, uncooperative, temperamental and ungrateful. In short: A headache.

"Mario," I said over the phone the day he returned from Oregon, "I hear you're a prize headache."

"No, Hedda, no," he shouted. "I'm not, I'm not. Don't believe those horrible things you hear about me. They're not true."

"Mario, don't you dare try to tell me that you're not conceited. Because I know you (Continued on page 68)



MARIO and wife Betty rented Ginger Rogers's ranch in Oregon. He returned to Hollywood thirty pounds lighter!



"I STILL fight first and think later," grins Mario. His next, "Because You're Mine"

WHEN Mario was given gold record of "Be My Love," he insisted Hedda present it



Debra Paget prefers fun with her family to sodas with the gang, movies with her mother to dates with a boy. Is she wise?

BY JESSYCA RUSSELL

A studio employee, not long ago, approached Debra Paget's mother—without whom Debra is never seen—to ask if Mrs. Paget would mind going to a premiere that night with another member of her family. "Debra should be photographed with someone else for a change," he explained. "Hollywood is beginning to wonder why she's never seen with anyone else!"

"Hollywood doesn't *have* to wonder!" interrupted the usually placid Debra, suddenly appearing on the scene. "My mother isn't with me because *she* wants it—but because *I* want it!"

That evening her mother accompanied her as usual. And Hollywood hasn't stopped wondering. It isn't normal for anyone as young (Debra turned eighteen last August) and lovely to prefer her mother's company to that of all others. Many protest that Debra one day is certain (Continued on page 84)

Debra's next is "Belles on Their Toes"



ON Sundays, Debra and her mother spend day and evening at movies. Left, with sister Lezlie



"MY MOTHER is always with me because I want her!" Right, with sister Meg



"MOM can give me a lot more at this time than any boy could," insists Debra

Mama's girl!

Lines to the lovely ladies whose lovely lines make them



VIRGINIA MAYO

SIX



AVA GARDNER

APGER

PIN UPS OF

1952

the pick of the pin ups



MONA FREEMAN



MONICA LEWIS

SMITH AND FINK

WHICH are the favorite curves and curls
In this year's garden of Pin-up girls?
Well—no one's taken a Gallup Poll,
And the sum above may be not the whole,
But we have balloted many a man, Sirs,
And here are the four bewitching answers.
It can't be all in the point of view,
For look at the facts—and the figgers, too!

BY PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

FOR FACTS ABOUT THESE FIGURES SEE PAGE 76

HOLD YOUR MAN

A good man is hard to
find, warns Esther, so don't stretch your
luck too far with habits you can change

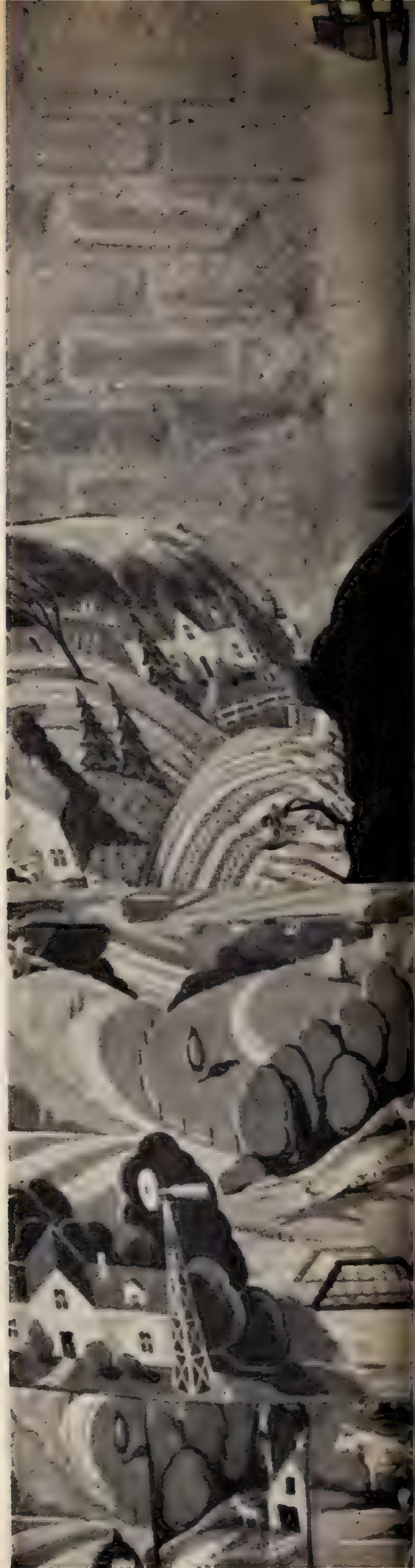
BY RUTH WATERBURY



"GLAMOUR alone isn't enough—it attracts a man but it has nothing to do with holding him," insists Esther Williams



COVER GIRL



"IF I WEREN'T careful," Esther Williams says, "I could dangerously neglect my husband because I enjoy being with my children so much. After a working day I look forward to a wonderful moment that's waiting for me when I get home. Five minutes after I'm in the house, I throw some bubble-bath in the tub, toss off my things and then Benjie, nearly two and a half, fourteen-month-old Kimmie and I all get into our bath together.

"However, I'm lucky! Ben enjoys the boys as much as I do. From the start we knew we wanted a large family and we hope to add more members to it as time goes on. We advise any couple that wants



"IF I WEREN'T careful," says Esther, "I could dangerously neglect my husband—I love my children so much." Above with Ben, Benjie, Kim

"GROWN-UP love is the most thrilling," says Esther, here with Ben. Her next is "Texas Carnival"

to remain happily married to do the same. There's something basically unsound with just living for yourselves. Ben and I fell in love at first sight, but we waited two years before marriage to be absolutely certain. We wanted to get to know each other well and it was important for Ben to know whether I'd be the right mother for the children he wanted and of course I wanted to be certain he'd be the right kind of father. Thus we began our marriage on a firmer foundation than it might otherwise have had.

"My marriage is now at that period some experts call the 'danger point,'" Esther said. "Statistics show that the sixth to tenth year is the common (Continued on page 70)



BACKSTAGE BABY

BABY burped with pleasure when he saw his hotel room—Janie turned it into a nursery



Geary Steffen crooked a finger at his baby's button nose, touched it gently and said "Boo!"

Over her shoulder, Jane Powell Steffen gave the two men in her life an indulgent smile and went on tidying up her dressing room at the Chicago theatre where she was making personal ap-

pearances. Geary crooked his finger again with the same result. The baby's eyes just opened wider. "Isn't he *ever* going to learn to smile?" Geary wanted to know.

Woman-wisdom of the ages dictated Jane's reply. "He will. As soon as he's old enough."

Geary's strong hand cupped Geary III's tiny head and he ruffled the silken fuzz. Holding a strand to the light he examined it closely. "Honey," he said, "I'm afraid this kid is going to have red hair!"

The slight tinge of alarm in his voice brought the attention he wanted. Jane crossed the room, gave his own blond thatch a playful tug and said, "For goodness sake, silly, the baby's hair isn't red, it's light brown. Most babies have hair this color. Just like they have blue eyes at first."

"Sure?" he asked.

"Certain," she replied. "Your mother says yours was exactly the same shade."

A million young parents have played the same scene exactly the same way while getting acquainted with that (*Continued on page 80*)



TO JANE and Geary, Jane's tour always will be a milestone

When Janie Powell went on a personal appearance tour nobody—but nobody—stayed home. Not even Geary Steffen III!

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

JANE, who's in "Baby Needs Shoes," wants five more like Geary!

CARPENTER



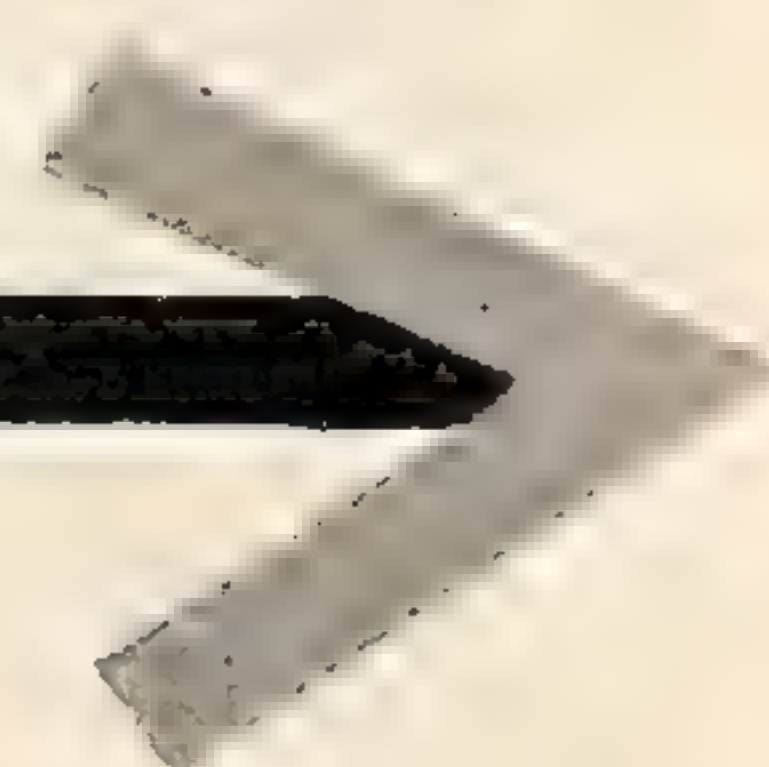


To understand how a nice quiet guy
like Bill can have such an explosive
effect on Hollywood, you have to go back
to the days when he was young Bill Beedle



AGE 4—an impulsive, curious, enormously eager little boy

MR. DYNAMITE



AGE 12—his father's illness turned him into the man of the house



AGE 21—in "Golden Boy" he was overnight sensation. But he wouldn't play the social lion offstage

BY PAULINE SWANSON

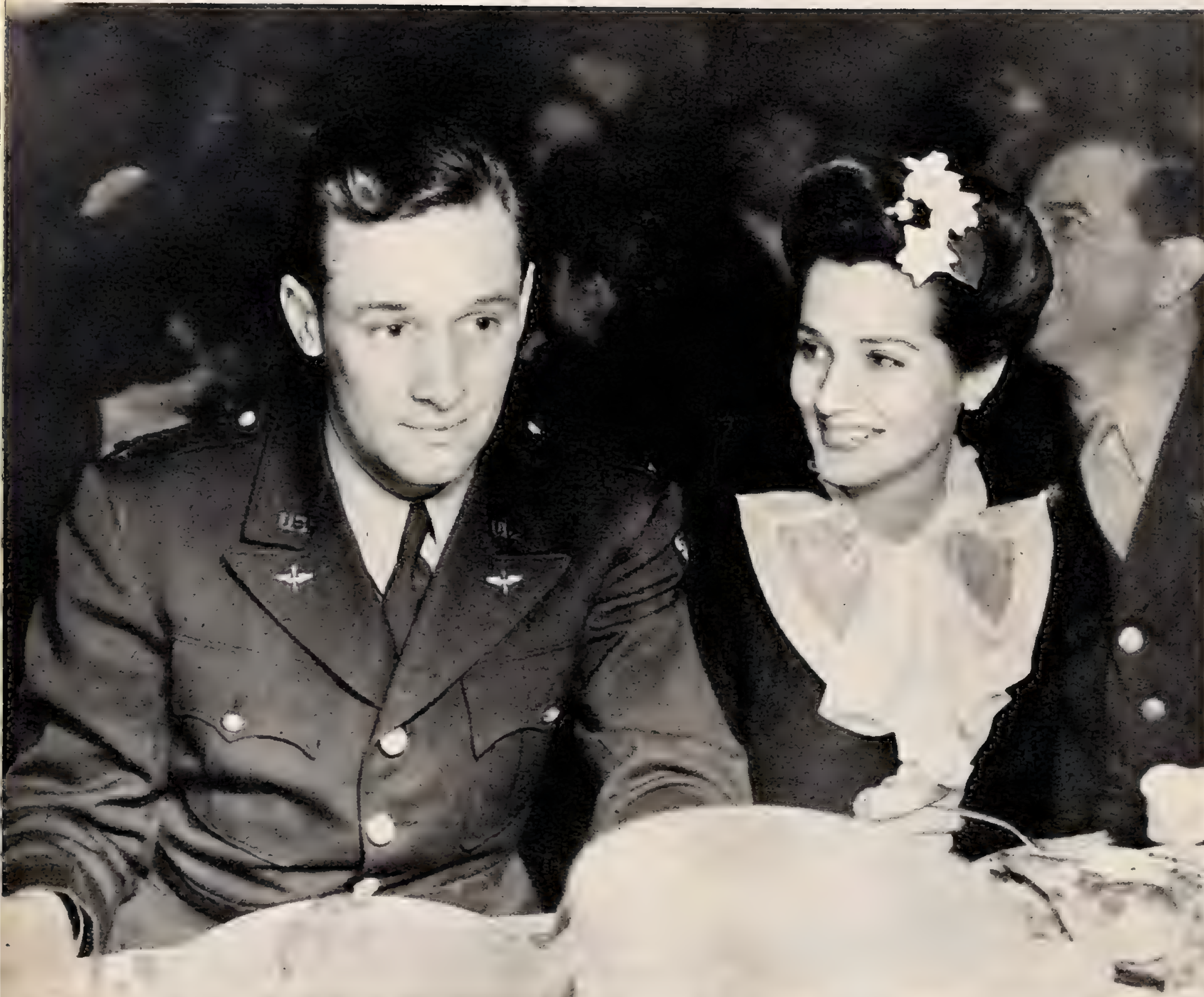
BILL HOLDEN is a nice unassuming guy. His family, his friends, his employers and his co-workers all vouch for this. They also vouch for the fact that he carries in his nature a high charge of emotional dynamite. Such a high charge that it is indeed fortunate this explosive element is under firm control.

In the beginning the control was imposed by Bill's fond but strict parents. By the time he was old enough to make his own rules, it was as much a part of his nature as his talent and his rugged good looks.

Bill's mother, Mrs. Mary Beedle, remembers the oldest of her three sons as an impulsive, enormously curious and eager little boy who, "Could think up more mischief in a minute than I could undo in a day."

When the spirit of adventure was in him, he'd try anything—a parachute jump, for instance, with his mother's umbrella from the roof of a fifteen-foot garage. Nothing but the umbrella was broken in this experiment, so experience could not be said to have taught him caution. Later he tried tight-rope walking on the telephone wires above the street.

Responsibility Bill learned the hard way by discovering very early in life that—in the Beedle family, at least—



MR.

BILL AND WIFE
Brenda during one of Bill's leaves from the Army. They agreed that when the babies appeared, Brenda would give up her career

MOVIE AUDIENCES
felt impact of the "new" Bill Holden in "Born Yesterday," below, with Broderick Crawford and Judy Holliday

responsibility and self-discipline were the price of privilege.

When Bill was very young, the family shared the big, comfortable home in O'Fallon, Illinois, owned by his grandfather. And Grandfather's rights to privacy and order had to be respected.

Bill's mother was a schoolteacher. His father was a serious young chemist, driving himself at work to establish a business, needing a calm, quiet household when he came home from the office tired. Bill could invite all of his young friends to play at his house. They could pitch tents, build tree houses, or play cops and robbers to their hearts' content—if they restricted their games to the play areas of the big, tree-shaded



DYNAMITE

yard and stayed clear of Grandfather's rose garden. Bill could make an unholy shambles of his room if he were willing to put it back in order.

By the time the family moved to Monrovia, California, when Bill was five, going on six, he knew enough of give and take to instruct his year-and-a-half-old brother, Bob, in the techniques of getting along in the big, new world they both were investigating.

Not that, there weren't occasional crises.

Mrs. Beedle remembers one eventful Sunday morning when Bill presented himself for breakfast in battered blue jeans and a beat-up shirt and announced that he was not going to Sunday School.



BILL AND BRENDA with her daughter Virginia by her first marriage, their sons West and Scott and Bill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Beedle



He had a new bicycle, it was a beautiful day, and he could see no reason for cooping himself up indoors.

It was open rebellion, for Sunday School was a Beedle family "must." But no battle ensued. All Mrs. Beedle did was to remind her son calmly of the inseparable link between privilege and responsibility. It would be okay to skip Sunday School if Bill were willing to give up the movies next Saturday.

He went to Sunday School.

Once, when he was ten, Bill nearly burst with excitement when Ray Schalk, the great catcher for the Chicago White Sox and a family friend, offered to take Bill out to the (Continued on page 75)

AFTER SMASH HIT in "Sunset Boulevard" with Gloria Swanson, Bill rebelled at next role offered him, went on suspension. He's in "Submarine Command"



The girl

LIZ TAYLOR really in love with Michael Wilding."

"Liz and Nicky stage romantic idyll."

"Liz Taylor and Clift wooing here."

These newspaper headlines appeared recently within the same month—long on sensation and short on truth. Liz Taylor is not a little tramp.

Elizabeth returned from England to laugh at the Wilding rumors. "I had no flirtations at all in England," she told me. "Between Michael Wilding and me there was no romance, I promise you."

I believe Elizabeth. She is not Michael Wilding's type. He likes more mature, sophisticated ladies, such as Marlene Dietrich for whom his devotion was long apparent.

"I worked hard in England," Liz went on, "I had to be at the studio early in the morning. It took a (Continued on page 85)

IF ELIZABETH HAD been a tough, more sophisticated miss she would have handled her life more expertly

behind the headlines

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Elsa doesn't believe
what she reads—when it's
about Liz. And attacks
those headlines with
some Taylor-made truths

NICKY HILTON may have done Liz a good
turn when he met her in her New York hotel

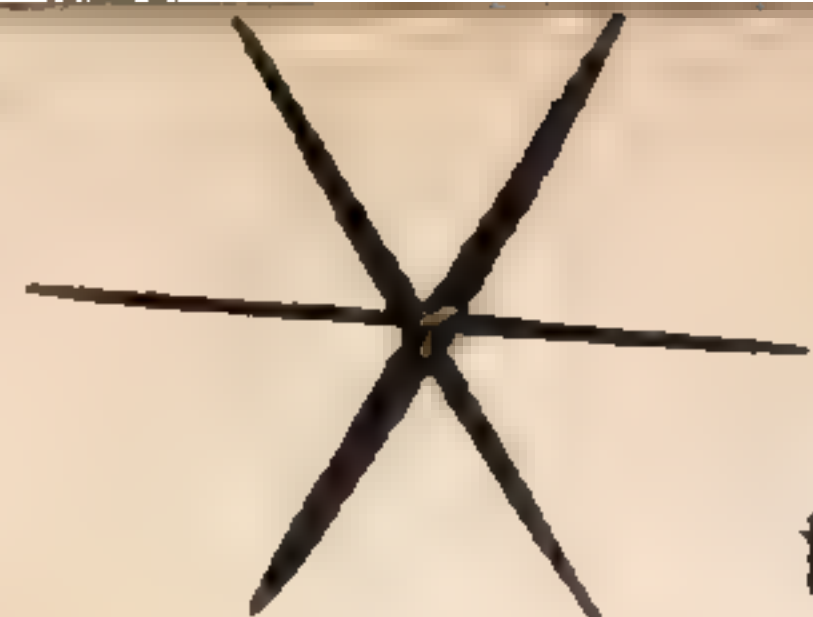


LIZ WAS disturbed
—but not romanti-
cally—by young men
she met in England,
where she made
“Ivanhoe” with
Bob Taylor, above



ROOMMATE Peggy Rutledge went with her
to Washington for Movietime, U.S.A. tour





When Hollywood Press Photographers
throw a party it's time to dress up and go!



PARTY WAS just full of characters! Steve Cochran and Yvonne De Carlo called themselves just a couple of beach-combers. Joining in the conversation is Denise Darcel, right



ALL TOGA'D UP for the occasion—plus fetching brow bouquet—is Paul Douglas, masquerading as Antony, the fellow who fell for Cleopatra. In this case, Cleo is Jan Sterling



BOB ARTHUR kept his identity dark for a long time before anyone guessed he was man behind the Topsy make-up. Wanda Hendrix is Little Eva

DARK-ROOM

WHEN the lens boys hold their annual frolic, the stars ransack studio wardrobes or let their imaginations be their guide—for costumes that make the Arabian Nights seem a pallid dream. Outside Ciro's, on this night, crowds stargaze blissfully, for always the big names of Hollywood gather to make the Press Photographers' Ball one of the most exciting shindigs of the year.



ADDING TO THE pandemonium at the party are Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, whose zany antics kept guests entertained. Jack Benny was rib-cracking emcee



"THE KING AND I," hit Broadway play, was the inspiration for the John Irelands' costumes. John the King of Siam, Joanne Dru, his favorite wife, brought along their brood of five to give it a realistic touch. P.S. The kids stayed only long enough to be photographed

STRUTTERS' BALL



GENE NELSON couldn't resist the music and the guests couldn't resist him when he gave impromptu dance, right

SHADES OF Barnum and Bailey! That's Debbie Reynolds, left, and Carp Carpenter, who put on singing-dancing act





BETTE DAVIS fought her way through some of her best pictures. Above, with director Jean Negulesco, husband Gary Merrill on set of "Phone Call from a Stranger"

● HANDLE WITH CARE

When temperamental stars
and directors meet—that's when
the real shooting begins!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



CARY GRANT uses man-to-man approach. With Norman Taurog on set of "Room for One More"



FATE AND MR. ZANUCK outsmarted Grable! But Betty chatting with director Henry Koster, has her favorite directors



WHEN KIRK DOUGLAS talks—directors listen and like it. Above, with director Howard Hawks on set of "The Big Sky"



THE WRONG DIALOGUE makes Hedy Lamarr ill. Hedy, here with director Richard Wallace, Bob Cummings, is in "My Favorite Spy"



HIS MOODS create scenes. Unpredictable Mark Stevens, above with director William Keighley, is currently in "Reunion in Reno"

IT ISN'T EASY to be a hero or heroine to a director. If he's any good at his job, he has to be the boss. Which may or may not be why Preston Sturges is not one of Betty Grable's favorite directors. On the last day of Betty's last picture with Preston, she was even determined to outsmart him and not say goodbye to him. With the help of her hairdresser, she snuck out, minus the farewell. But fate and Mr. Zanuck outsmarted Miss Grable. She was called back a week later for re-takes.

In a more recent picture, Betty met her Waterloo. She wanted a certain close-up. The director disagreed, finally said, "Okay, then we'll have the camera on your face when you're dancing." Betty's rosebud lips emitted a forceful word. The director tossed it right back at her. He says he'll never make another picture with her. But I'm sure he will when Betty asks for him. They happen to make beautiful pictures together.

When Shelley Winters (Continued on page 72)



FRONT OF living room—dining area—is all windows,
commands superb view of entire San Fernando
Valley. Jane's in "The Las Vegas Story"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DE GENARO

JANE RUSSELL's an individualist, and her house reflects her. Just as you'll probably never see another Jane Russell, so you'll probably never find another house exactly like hers—from the fire pit in the living room to her purple dressing room.

Jane's house perches, like an eagle's nest, high among the hills above the San Fernando Valley. It is designed so that almost every room makes the most of the sweeping outlook. Floor-to-ceiling windows bank one wall of the living room. The master bedroom features the same breadth of light and air. Even in the kitchen, windows start at the counter top and extend the length of the room, into the breakfast room. In fact, the only rooms which do not command the view are the den and the guest room, which open onto a small, sheltered patio at the rear of the house.

The site was perfect for Jane and (Continued on page 78)

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

SUNKEN section of living room, left, features novel fire pit, built-in sofas. Vivid red shades top Chinese war dog lamps

CENTER, stairway to glass front door. Glass walls on either side reveal gold-leaf-covered walls in entry hall

FAVORITE spot with Jane and Bob is small den, right, behind living room. Bob keeps his football trophies here



SKYTOP house

A fire pit in the living room. A front door made of glass. Red jersey curtains. That's Jane Russell's individual way of creating a home to suit herself



*in the cool,
cool,
cool*

WYMAN WAY

BY IDA ZEITLIN

THE PICTURE flickered out, the lights clicked on and Jane sat lost in reflection for a while. Then she whisked up with an air of decision, "Nah, I don't think so. Comedy's more fun—"

Such was her initial reaction to "The Blue Veil." Trying to snare Wyman for the lead, Jerry Wald had asked her to look at the French version. He had caught her in the midst of a hilarious romp called "Here Comes the Groom." Working with Crosby, Capra *et al.* was like drinking vintage champagne—all zing, sparkle and a heady sense of well-being. Drama twisted your nerves and left you limp as a dish clout. Who needed it? (Continued on page 81)

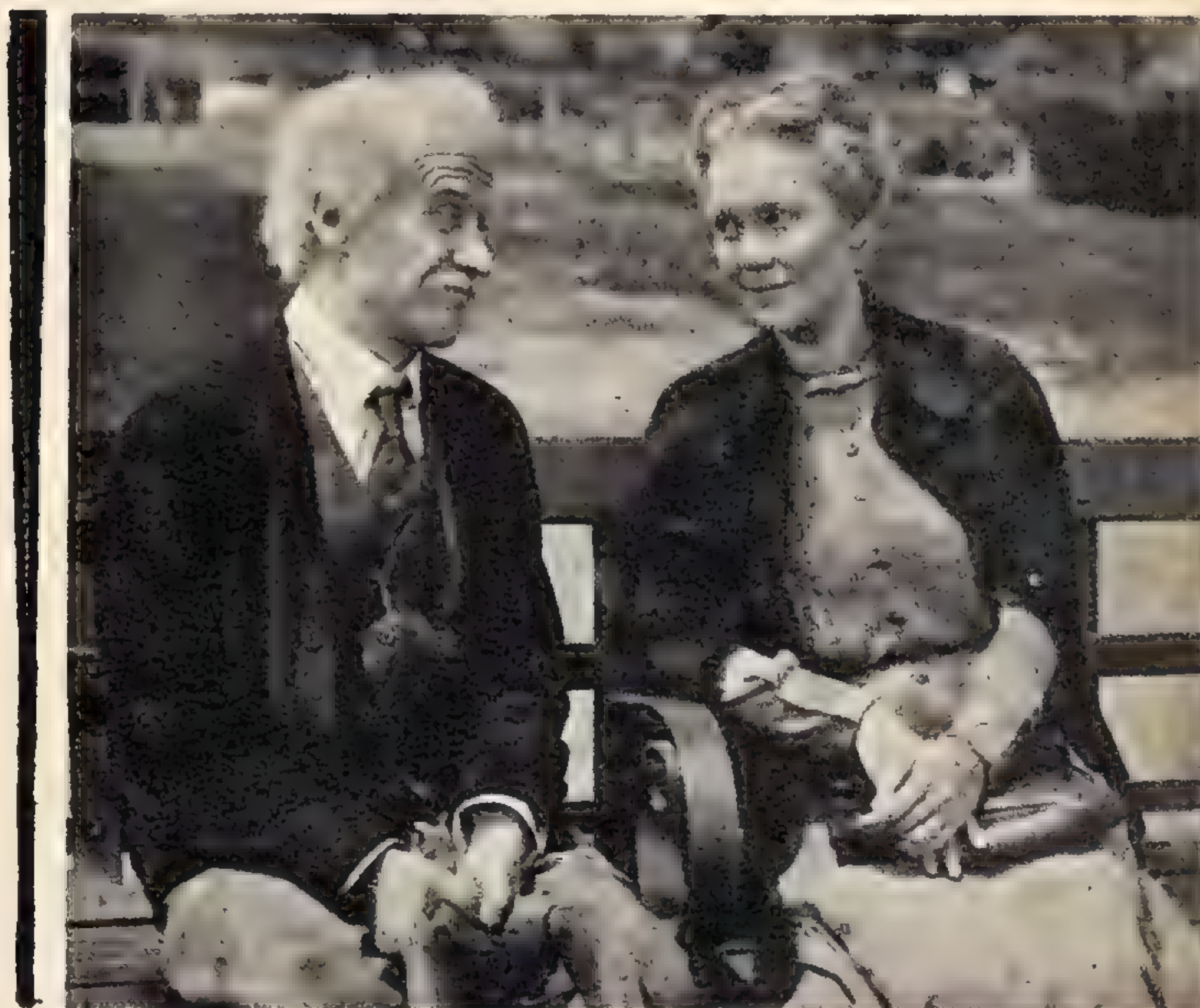
JANE'S private life is her own. Ask her about Greg Bautzer and she'll say, "He's a nice guy"



She could have remained
a wise-cracking
blonde. But Jane Wyman knew
how far a
bright gal can go



"COMEDY'S more fun," decided Jane, after "Here Comes the Groom" with Bing Crosby. But "The Blue . . .



. . . Veil," with Cyril Cusack, above, was a challenge she couldn't resist. Jane went dramatic again!

SUSAN **H** **AYWARD**

Salome dancing to a hurdy gurdy . . . fireworks on
a windy day . . . fire and tenderness . . . love song on an Irish
harp . . . glamour with a tomboy streak

Photograph by Powolny: Susan is in "With a Song in My Heart"





Photograph by Ornitz: Tony is in "The Brigand"

TONY
DEXTER

A panther, asleep in the sun . . . romance at a masked ball
. . . intelligence and intrigue . . . banked fires . . . tango
music on a parlor organ . . . restorer of dreams



PHOTOPLAY

FOR JUST

Hollywood stars know the first secret of good dressing is to have clothes fit perfectly. For excessive alterations can spoil the very lines for which you chose a dress in the first place. With so many fashions designed and cut for just your figure type, why take a tuck—why not get exactly the right size? Find *your* size classification, highlight *your* best points and be on your way to being really well dressed

Nancy Davis, left, of M-G-M's "It's a Big Country," models a flattering coat dress that's perfect for the half-size, shorter-waisted figure. In silk-faced rayon shantung, it has a tiny, stand-up collar. By Rite-Fit, 14½-22½, in navy, peacock, red, gray. Around \$9.00 at Wanamaker's, New York, N. Y.; Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.

Alexis Smith, right, of Paramount's "This Is Dynamite," models a rayon ottoman jacket dress proportioned to fit three heights—short, medium and tall. In vibrant blue—a tonic for any wardrobe—or red, gray, champagne, black. 12-20, sized to height. \$17.95 by Murray White at Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. Kislav gloves, Kramer pin

DIRONE

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79

FASHIONS

YOUR SIZE



PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

FOR JUST
YOUR SIZE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENGSTEAD

Petite **Debbie Reynolds** of M-G-M's "Singing in the Rain" is at her perky best in a style designed for the girl 5' 5" and under. Cute and young looking, this charming coat dress opens its shiny buttons to reveal the separate plaid petticoat. By Annetta, in black cotton only, 10-20 petite. \$14.95 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., Maison Blanche, New Orleans, La.

Jan Sterling, right, of Paramount's "Military Policeman" reveals the sophisticated charm of a dress designed for the girl who is 5' 8" or over. High-rising midriff minimizes the line from shoulder to waist. For glitter effect, a single rhinestone button on the bodice. For a finishing touch, a separate bolero jacket. In rustling paper-finish taffeta shantung, 10-20 tall. By Betty Briggs, in gray, under \$25.00 at Lane Bryant, New York, N. Y., Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79

Christmas-shopping for someone close to you? Let him know you care . . . with a personal gift of Signature by Max Factor Hollywood.

He doesn't have to be a movie hero to appreciate it, but he's likely to act like one on Christmas morning!

Tingling masculine fragrance and skin-smoothing conditioner in **AFTER SHAVE LOTION** will give him cheek-to-cheek appeal. \$1.30*

Give him **TWOSOME** and you'll love to run your fingers through his hair! The foamy Shower Shampoo is deep-cleaning, quick-rinsing . . . handy squeeze dispenser hangs on faucet. Exclusive formula Cream Hair Dressing smooths hair, leaves no "goo". \$2.60*

THREESOME has After Shave Lotion plus matching Deodorant Cologne to keep him fresh all day, and amazing new Lazy Shave, compressed talc that hides beard shadow. \$4.20*

For home, office or travel, give him **TRAVEL TRIO**, a neat plastic kit with Deodorant Cologne, Cream Hair Dressing and After Shave Lotion in leak-proof plastic squeeze bottles, \$3.50*

Handsome roomy Vinylite zipper **TRAVEL KIT** (not shown) contains Shower Shampoo, Cream Hair Dressing, After Shave Lotion and Deodorant Cologne in squeeze bottles, plus Lazy Shave, \$12.50*

he'll be

so

nice

to

be

near

...all through the year

the new
grooming
essentials
for men

Signature
by
MAX FACTOR

H O L L Y W O O D

**PHOTOPLAY
PATTERN OF
THE MONTH**



Donna Reed

*models the original dress
designed by Jean Louis
for her to wear in
Columbia's "Scandal Sheet"*

Elegance in soft crepe—a dress to dream about—and make. Flattering to any figure, it can be made with or without the graceful side drape. Intriguing shutter neckline gives a bolero effect when worn open, as at left—is perfect for dressy occasions. Or, with the neckline worn high, as above, it becomes that all-important basic dress. For dramatic effect, Teitelbaum's black fox muff, Marvella jewelry by Michael Paul

For detailed pattern drawings see page 79

Photoplay Patterns
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New York 10, New York

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Donna Reed "Scandal Sheet" pattern #6 in size 10 - 12 - 14 - 16 - 18 - 20.

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City..... State..... Age.....

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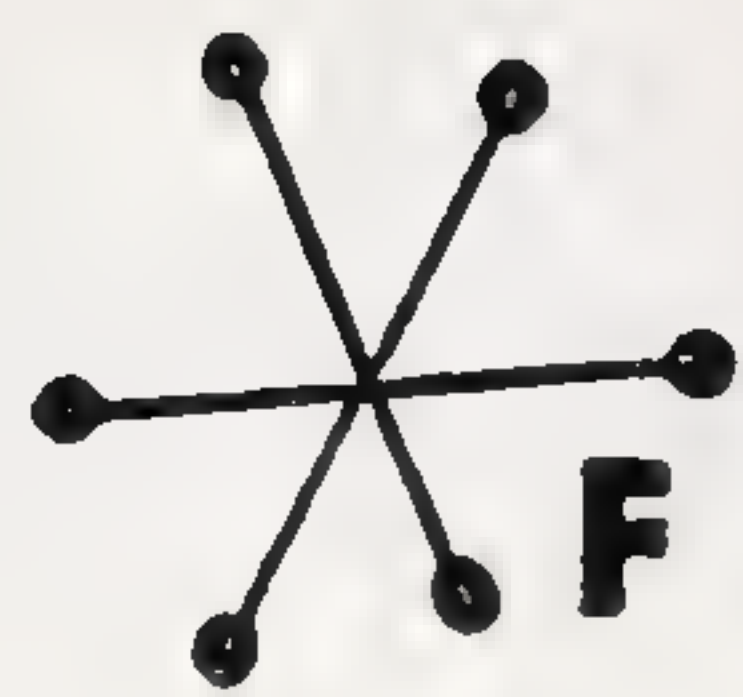
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FLATTER YOUR

TO GIVE THAT

LONG, SMOOTH LINE

Long line nylon bra with dainty nylon marquisette trim, pin-tuck stitching for extra support, is perfect with high-waisted girdles. \$3.95 by Bestform, 34-44, B-C cup

TO WHITTLE THE

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TO MOLD

THE AVERAGE FIGURE

TO CURB THE FULLER

CURVES

For contour control, a "floating action" cotton bra with extra straps for added freedom. By Exquisite Form, \$2.50, 32-42, A-C cup, at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y. "White Magic," the new fab-lined girdle by Playtex, controls the curves, smoothes the lines. \$6.95, all sizes

Attractive support for the larger figure is cotton bra, far left, with bow detail, wide straps. By Lovable, \$1.50, 34-44, C-D cup. To create a slim illusion, a long 16" girdle with high, nipped-in waist. By Perma-lift, in nylon leno with satin panels, side zipper. \$12.50, 26-34

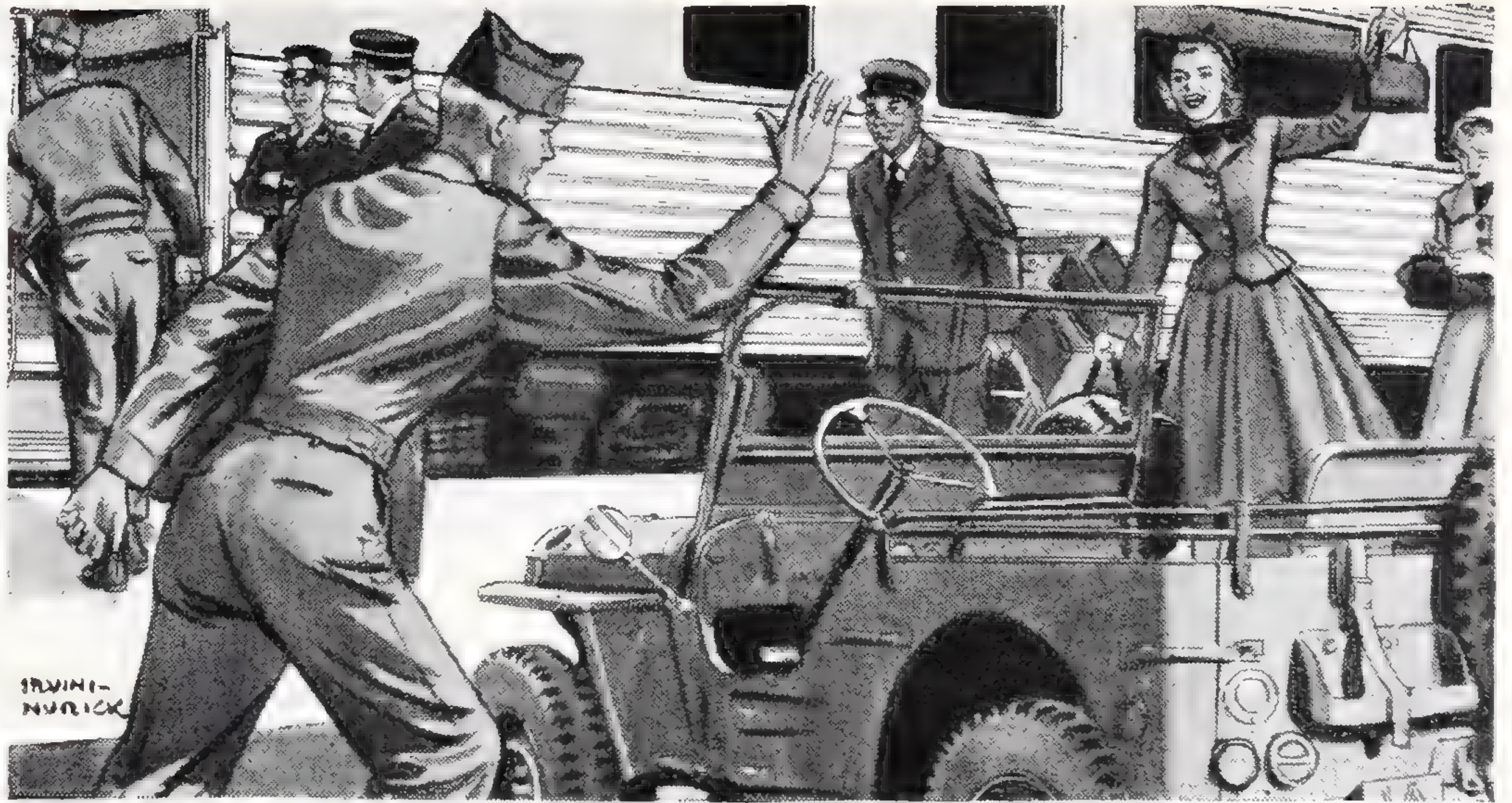


PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

FOR JUST YOUR SIZE

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES—FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 79

Are you in the know?



If invited to visit your fiancé at camp, who pays your way?

- ☐ Little ol' you ☐ Leave it to him ☐ Put the bee on Dad

Depends on your hero's financial status — and whether Mom says you can go. Is he loot-happy? Let *him* buy your round-trip ticket. But, if his only income is a G.I.'s pay — better foot your own expenses. Don't

be travel-shy just because "that" day is due. Let Kotex keep you comfortable, with softness that *holds its shape*. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; and that special *safety center* gives *extra* protection.



What's the correct way to wear a corsage?

- ☐ Stems up
☐ Stems down
☐ On the right shoulder

Is that an orchid — or an upside-down-cake? Why pin posies with stems pointing skyward? Wear a corsage on the *left* shoulder; and remember — petals up! Being *sure* helps keep your confidence hitting on all 8 cylinders. Like trying *all 3 absorbencies* of Kotex. Whichever one you select, you're "sure" with Regular, Junior or Super!



Which togs make good sense for skiing?

- ☐ Free n' easy
☐ Fleecy woolens
☐ A fur-lined topcoat

If you've ever trudged up a ski slope — you know better than to tog yourself like a fugitive from the Yukon! Ski clothes should be light-weight; tailored free n' easy. You don't need bulk for *problem-day* protection, either. That's why Kotex has *flat pressed ends* . . . (not thick; not stubby). No revealing outlines with Kotex!



More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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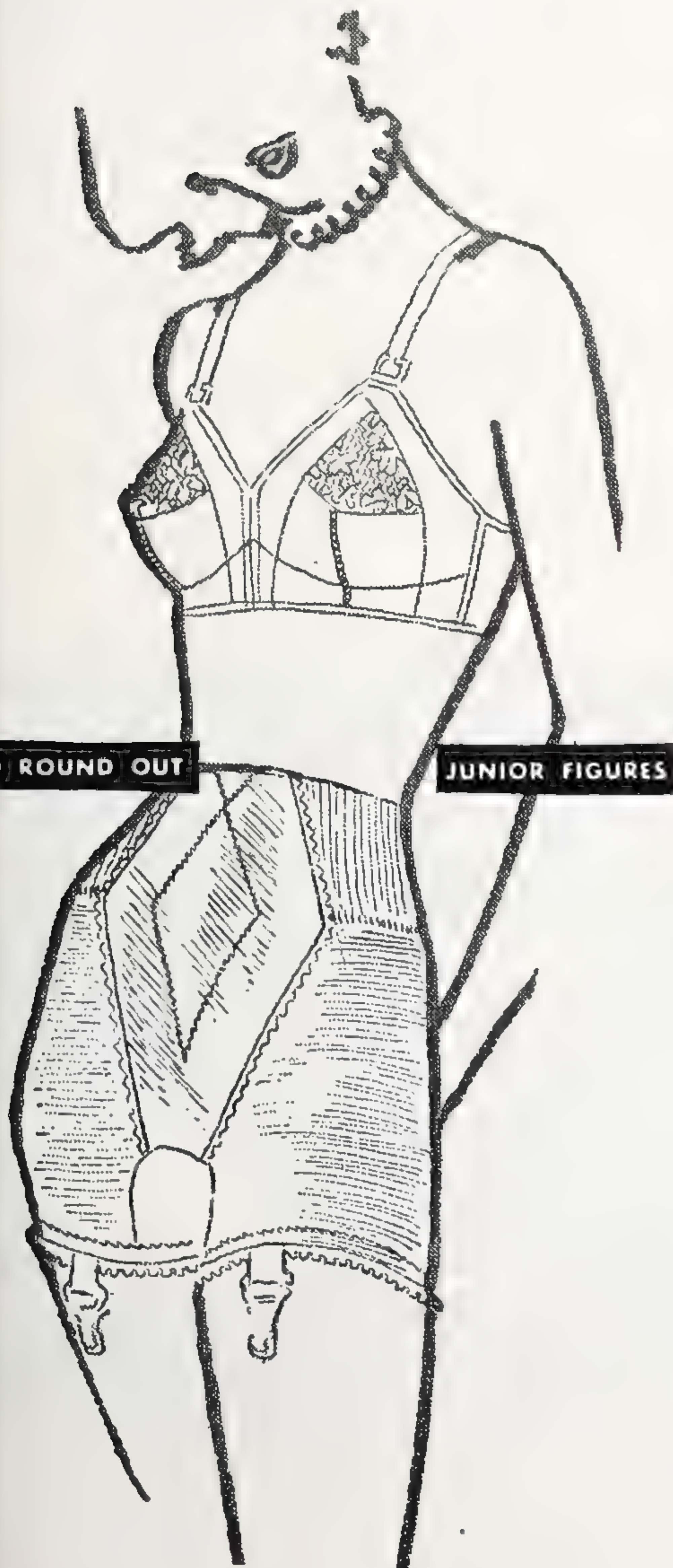
Have you tried *Delsey**? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

P

FIGURE

A wisp of femininity is the nylon taffeta waist nipper, left, that takes inches off your midriff. With inserts of embroidered nylon sheer, it zips in front. \$7.50 by Wispese, small, medium, large

Softly curved is Princess line bra, below, with lace insert. By Maidenform, \$1.50, 30-36, AA-A cup. Young in line is miniature nylon leno panty girdle with satin panels. By Gossard, \$5.00, small, medium, large



Announcing

THE 1952 PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

A second chance to study at Pasadena Playhouse where
the 1951 winner, Virginia McGuire, already is discovering
how great is the prize she won!

BY KATHERINE PEDELL



THIS COULD BE YOU! Radio audiences listened in as Frances Scully interviewed 1951 winner Virginia McGuire, runners-up Joyce McLeod and Rachelle Mendlovitz at famed Brown Derby. Girls also went on TV, met the press, stars and top studio people



THREE FINALISTS of 1951 contest, Rachelle, Joyce, Virginia, on steps of Playhouse dormitory where winner Virginia is now living

PROUDLY, Photoplay announces a second search for undiscovered talent. The prize again will be a two-year scholarship complete with tuition, room, board, allowance, books and transportation to the Pasadena Playhouse—the college which offers its students the most intensive, the most thorough training of any dramatic school anywhere.

This, the second Photoplay Scholarship Contest, begins in the spotlight of the first search, only recently concluded. Virginia McGuire, 1951 winner from Bridgeport, Conn., is now settled at the Playhouse, learning how to turn natural ability into finished performance. Runners-up Rachelle Mendlovitz of New Braunfels, Texas, and Joyce McLeod of Providence, Rhode Island, also share the spotlight. *(Continued on page 74)*

AS PHOTOPLAY'S winner, Virginia appeared on Jeanne Gray's TV show —was given full glamour treatment



PARAMOUNT casting director William Meiklejohn interviewed Joyce for a screen test



IN PARAMOUNT COMMISSARY, Joyce and Rachelle met Alan Ladd, other stars. Rachelle is being coached at Paramount for test that may mean a contract, studio training with other young players

Photoplay Gives Thanks To . . .

- **The judges** on each audition board who gave their time and effort. Without them this contest could not have run.
- **The radio stations**, the colleges, the community playhouses which offered the space in which these auditions were held and who often disrupted their own schedules to do so.
- **The National Thespian Society** which made it possible to find the above people and places in each community.

If you want to be



YOU WON'T BE wasting your time
with Webster if you're the
kind of girl who's lost for words



YOU CAN GO to any formal lengths
if you remember to suit yourself

IT'S EXAMINATION time!

For ten months now we've been studying charm and personality problems together in these pages of Photoplay and it's time, I think, to check our progress.

We've talked a lot about what I like to think of as "Personality Plusses."

We've said that the charming woman is:

1. *Positive*—She knows the minute she's living right now will be gone forever in sixty seconds, and she makes the most of it.
2. *Optimistic*—She knows that everybody, including herself, has problems. But she also knows that the happy thing about a problem is its challenge; that always you can do something about it.
3. *Cooperative*—No girl is charming who lives for herself alone.
4. *Unselfish*—The girl who can put herself in the other fellow's place makes friends by being friendly.
5. *Self-Confident*—Doesn't mean being conceited, but knowing her worth.
6. *Self-Controlled*—Knowing that temper is self-indulgence, and gossip is as



BY JOAN CRAWFORD

Star of "That Woman Is Dangerous"

charming



DON'T WORRY ABOUT the circles under your eyes. If you can't cure them—you can camouflage them!



TWO HUNDRED BRUSH strokes a day and you'll develop more than beautiful hair

ruinous to charm as a wart on the end of the nose.

Six plusses—all of which every girl can attain, no matter what her educational background, no matter what her economic limitations, *no matter what.*

Add up *your* score. What is your charm rating?

All This And Beauty Too

You will notice that nowhere on that list is beauty, fashion-wiseness, or any special talent listed as a charm essential. Appearance is important to charm—but I think it is included in my second plus among those problems that the charming woman will face as a challenge.

I know from letters that most of you readers are deeply concerned about those things you feel to be beauty defects or figure problems. I want to help you with those, too, if I can. Once you add those six big plusses to your personality, you can lick any beauty defect or figure problem, or, if they are unlickable, you will be able to accept them and live more happily and (Continued on page 74)

Is Mario Lanza Hollywood's Biggest Headache?

(Continued from page 31) are. You're no shrinking violet, my boy. But who wants shrinking violets?"

It was agreed that we would get together at Mario's huge rented house in Beverly Hills the following afternoon.

If you have to take off weight, heaven forbid, there's certainly no better place in the world to do it than at Ginger Rogers' Rogue River Ranch near Medford, Oregon. Ginger doesn't usually rent her ranch, which is her pride and joy, but when Mario asked her, she relented. With his attractive wife, Betty, his manager, Sam Weiler, and his press agent, Jack Keller, he spent four weeks there. He rode horseback, he chopped wood, he fished, and he sweated over woodland trails in a heavy rubber reducing suit. When he left Hollywood he weighed 234 pounds. He was down to 204 when he returned. One hundred and ninety pounds is his goal. He swears to me that he will keep his weight down to this figure if it kills him.

"WELL, Mario," I said, after his big effusive Italian hug, "what about this hassle with your studio? Who's calling whom what? As if I didn't know."

"Peace has been declared, and peace, it's wonderful," said Mario happily. "We got together. They admitted their mistakes. I admitted mine. And now we're friends."

"It was like this, Hedda. When I read the script of 'Because You're Mine' I didn't like it. However, for the records, when that item appeared in the columns that I had sent the script back to Joe Pasternak unopened, I hadn't even received it! I'd never do a rude thing like that. But eventually I did get it, and when I read it I knew it was not for me. I just couldn't follow 'Caruso' with that turkey. How do I get out of it? I thought. I racked my brain. I know—I'll be the male Judy Garland. The studio took Judy out of a picture when she became overweight."

"I started eating everything rich, something I like to do anyway, and soon I had gone up to 200 pounds. But the studio kept saying, 'You look wonderful, we'll start the picture next week.'"

"Hedda, I looked awful. And I realized I had figured it all wrong. I couldn't let the public see me so fat. And I couldn't do that picture. I had the nervous jim-jams. I was moody, irritable. And then my wonderful wife Betty took charge. She asked the big boys at the studio, Dore Schary, Eddie Mannix and Joe Pasternak to come to our house, one by one, so we could get to know each other better. The afternoon Dore came he said he could only stay a few minutes."

"'Look, you goon,' I said. 'I want to be your friend. I like you. I want you to like me.' He stayed three hours."

"Dore and I discovered we have much in common," Mario continued. Dore Schary is his boss now that Louis B. Mayer has left the studio. "We have the same background. We were brought up in poor neighborhoods of big cities and we learned when we were kids that we had to fight for everything we got in this world. As kids our instinct was to fight first and think later. The only trouble is," Mario grinned, "I still fight first and think later."

It was agreed finally that Mario would be given eight weeks in which to get into picture trim and that the script of "Because You're Mine" would be re-written.

Mario is on a high protein diet. This is a real hardship for a fun-loving, food-loving fellow like Mario. "I made a mistake in letting myself get so fat," Mario says with a sigh. "I've made a lot of mistakes—but things happened so fast. My greatest fault,

Hedda, is that I do everything too much."

"That I believe. There's nothing halfway about you, Mario."

Mario believes that much of his bad publicity stems from the boys at the studio who do not like him.

His trouble with the publicity boys, he believes, must have started in a Mid-west city where he was giving a concert. The studio press agent, 2,000 miles from home base, imbibed rather freely, and Mario had to shove him none too gently out of the auditorium. He returned to the studio with his knife sharpened.

Mario also got off to a bad start with others of his fellow workers, when he promised to sing at the studio party given by the technicians. He was in the midst of production of "Toast of New Orleans" at the time. It was a cold, raw day and all day Mario had done one take of a scene which showed him being hauled out of the studio tank. By three o'clock his voice was getting hoarse.

"Look, Joe," he said to the producer, "I've got to sing at the studio party tonight. Let me go home and dry out."

"It's more important that I get a scene finished than that you sing for the studio boys," said Pasternak.

It was arranged with Kathryn Grayson that she would make a lengthy announcement at the party explaining that Mario had been dunked all day and was completely water-logged. But instead, Kathryn merely said, "Mario can't be here tonight." The technicians didn't like it. Mario was a snob and a stuffed shirt, they thought. He could sing at producers' parties, but he couldn't sing at theirs.

"Oh-oh," I said, "so that's what started your feud with Kathryn Grayson."

"No, Hedda, it isn't true," Mario insisted. "Kathryn is one of my wife's best friends. I like her very much. And besides, I'm sentimental. I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Kathryn because she was in my first two pictures."

Actually, Mario hadn't sung at producers' parties for some time. Though I can see why the grips and technicians were pretty sore. As soon as a studio signs a player on a term contract they immediately assume that they own him lock, stock and barrel. Soon after he signed with Metro, Mario was asked to sing at eight of Louis B. Mayer's parties. Mario's motto is, "Don't put it in the living room, put it on the screen." But he wanted to be agreeable. Right away, other producers and directors started asking him to sing at their parties.

His real blow-up came one night when Mario was having some of his good friends in for one of Mom's spaghetti dinners. The phone rang, and a very prominent Hollywood director insisted that he come over right away and sing for his guests.

"I, too, have guests," exploded Mario. "Why don't you come over here and amuse my guests by directing a picture!"

It was thereby decided by many of the Metro biggies that Mario was uncooperative and ungrateful.

Last fall, Mario, making his first radio appearance on my air show, sang "Be My Love." That started the avalanche. Over a million records of "Be My Love" have been sold since then. On tour Mario wrote me, "I am eternally grateful to you, Hedda." And, you know, I believe him. When he was given a gold record for the one-millionth sale he would allow no one to present it but myself.

"I read in an article lately," I said, "that an Army buddy of yours, Johnny Silver,

told a magazine writer that when you were at the air base at Marfa, Texas, you didn't take a bath for six months, and you didn't change your socks for six months. True or false?"

"Hedda," said Mario quietly. "Have you ever seen anybody who hasn't taken off his socks for six months? H'mmm? I'd like to see socks that hold up that well."

"It said in the same article that Johnny Silver pasted your name on a Frederick Jagel record, and not a Caruso record, and played it for Peter Lind Hayes when he was recruiting soldier talent for an Army Air Force Show."

"So help me, Hedda, it was a Caruso record. And I pasted the label on it."

Mario is hurt that some of his former pals have turned against him in print. Most of them were friends to whom he had loaned money after he had gotten into the chips. "I even cooked steaks for them," added Betty indignantly. When one of his former pals was approached by a reporter, he is supposed to have said, "I wouldn't have a thing to say about that son of a so-and-so." It could well be this man was extremely disappointed because Mario didn't get him a part in "Caruso."

"I tried to get a lot of the boys parts in my films," said Mario. "But Joe Pasternak has his own ideas about casting. Why should these guys turn on me?"

"There's only one word for it, Mario," I said. "Jealousy."

Our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mario's two little girls, Colleen and Elissa, all dressed up in ribbons and bows to see Aunt Hedda. They're little beauties, with Daddy's dark limpid eyes. Mario is simply crazy about them. He had intended staying in Oregon a month longer, but he couldn't bear to be away from his babies. "Twice a day," said Betty, "we'd have to drive the thirty-five miles to Medford so Mario could call home."

Mario is especially annoyed with an item that recently appeared which said, "Mario Lanza wants out of his contract. This is very ungrateful of him as Metro discovered him and made him the big name he is." Mario wants it known that he has never asked to be let out of his contract. He considers his contract quite fair. However, he wants it known that Metro didn't "discover" him. The concert that Ida Koverman arranged for him at the Hollywood Bowl was his 76th concert. He had been pretty well "discovered" before then.

He loves being in pictures, is the first to admit that they are the backbone of his great success. Pictures travel all over the world, and so fast. Through them, he's had many concert dates, bigger and better radio contracts and record contracts. He's become so popular that a concert hall can no longer hold the crowds that want to hear him. When he goes on tour next spring or summer, he will sing in stadiums. Whereas he used to sing perhaps to 2,500 people, now between ten and fifteen thousand people a night fight to get in to hear that golden voice.

Not only golden, but powerful. A mirror hanging on his living-room wall bears witness to its power. Mario, waiting for his lunch, was listening to a recording of tenor Aurelino Pertile singing "Adriana Le Coeuvre." Enthusiastically he started taking the high notes along with Pertile. He was holding a "D" when his butler entered the room. There was a shattering sound. The mirror cracked from the vibration of Mario's high tone. The butler dropped his tray. "Boss," he said, "I seen it with my own eyes." And I can add that's a truthful man. I've seen it too.

THE END

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

A Hollywood producer had to give one of his wife's relatives a studio job. Arriving at the studio, the relative asked:

"What will my job be?"

The producer thought for a moment and then said: "It'll be a sort of public-relations job. Just don't make it public that we're relations."

* * *

Shelley Winters plays a hangover scene in "Meet Danny Wilson" and one of her lines to Frank Sinatra goes:

"If I could stand the noise I'd kiss you."

* * *

They're telling about the actor who gave the Treasury Department a plan to stop inflation. The plan: To print his picture on money so women would never spend it.

* * *

Actress to her husband: "I'll meet you halfway—I'll admit I'm wrong if you'll admit I'm right."

* * *

Overheard at Mocambo: "She's either out to catch a man or a cold."

* * *

Sign in a San Fernando Valley pet shop: "Big Sale Of (YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION) Russian Wolfhounds."

* * *

A film producer was explaining a big movie battle scene and said, "We'll have 10,000 savages dash across the plains and..."

"Just a minute," interrupted a writer. "Ten thousand savages! How we gonna pay 'em?" "Who's gonna pay 'em?" snapped the producer. "We'll use real bullets."

* * *

A character was hauled into a Hollywood jail the other morning. When told by the desk sergeant that he had been brought in for drinking, the fellow said:

"Okay—let's get started."

* * *

An actor fired his imaginative, wild-dreaming press agent.

The reason: MYTH-representation!

* * *

Lah-de-dah chorus doll looking at Bob Ryan's bared chest on a "Best of the Badmen" billboard:

"Who said that there's a beef rollback?"

* * *

Danny Thomas describing a butcher shop gone Hollywood: "They've even got wedgies on the pigs' feet."

* * *

They were discussing the age of a movie doll in the ladies' room at Mocambo. Said one of the ladies:

"She has the face of a woman of thirty, the allure of a girl of twenty and the mind of a child of ten. Add them up."

* * *

Frank Fontaine about a talkative movie queen: "An echo is the only thing that ever cheated her out of the last word."

* * *

Dress Designer Lili overheard it: "What a charming split skirt. It matches her split personality."

Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem



1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula actually combats germs *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits effective, long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

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✓ TESTED by Doctors

✓ TRUSTED by Women

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NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. PH-21
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Hold Your Man

(Continued from page 37) breaking point, the years in which many hundreds start divorce proceedings. That will-o'-the-wisp called romance is apt to have almost vanished and it is up to the pair to decide whether they are going to enter into a more mature relationship. In some marriages, by the sixth year the husband already is mixed up with another woman, or the wife with another man. In others, the wife may feel she has lost her husband's interest. Or she is bored by him and wants to seek her so-called 'ideal.'

"I think the first important thing to decide, if you are even remotely thinking about a divorce, is this," she said. "Is it worthwhile to give up the investment of six years spent with one man? And how do you know that the next man you find might not have just as many faults and perhaps some that are a lot worse. Besides, can you honestly say you don't have as many flaws in your own make-up as you think he has in his?"

"If you're like I am, I'll bet you find yourself on a bad morning thinking of all the little things your husband does that annoy you. That's the time to start concentrating on the good things. With Ben and me, his being such a wonderful father comes first. I give him twelve stars for that. Balanced against that, those little things about him that I can never change, mean nothing at all.

"The things about ourselves that our husbands would love to change, we can go right to work on. Too many girls take the easy way out and say—'That's just the way I am, I can't help it.' But if you want to have a happy marriage, if you want to have your love grow into the kind of maturity that means the most wonderful adult happiness, you must do something to help it.

"When I make a distinction between mature love and romance, it's because I believe that love is something you earn and develop and which, in turn, develops you and pays you life's greatest dividends. Each step in marriage has its compensations and to cling to one and not go on to the next exciting step would be to remain adolescent."

We asked Esther if she thought a girl must be glamorous to hold a man.

"Most experts agree," Esther said, "that

glamour may attract a man but it has very little to do with holding him. To me one aspect of glamour means cleanliness. A girl doesn't have to be beautiful to be scrupulously neat. I know Ben appreciates neatness in me even around the house. It's more important for a girl to worry about how clean her dress is than how many frills it has on it. If she's clean and dresses in good taste—inexpensive though her costume may be—she has glamour, believe me."

HOWEVER, Esther thinks there are other things far more important in a successful marriage than glamour.

"Any man," she said, "and especially your husband, the man you see so constantly, will approve if you develop your sense of humor and the art of being a good sport. If seeing the funny side of things doesn't come naturally, try to develop an awareness of humor. A marriage without laughter isn't as good as it should be.

"If you aren't feeling well," she said, "you naturally want to tell your husband. But you don't have to dwell on the subject. Another thing! I don't think it's fair for a wife to spend time acquainting her husband with all the things that have gone wrong around the house while he has been at work. She can only make a bore of herself. He's probably had complications that day too while earning the family's living."

Esther laughed. "I've discovered also that it's possible to be too charming. One night not long ago, I'd had a hard day at the studio. Then I came home and played with the babies until Ben came home. His system of making business appointments in the late afternoon is one of the sweet adjustments to my career that Ben has made. When I'm working on a film, I have only a few moments with the children before leaving in the morning. And unless I have them with me immediately on my return in the evening, I can't see them except when they're sleeping. Ben, understanding this, makes many of his business appointments between five and seven in the afternoon, which allows me to have this time, quite free, to play with the children. Then by that time Ben is home for their bedtime and prayers, the boys are tucked in and I'm ready for our dinner and evening together. Usually this routine

leaves me in a relaxed state. But one particular night I was still full of bounce. Ben was discussing our restaurant, The Trails, telling me its problems. I'd keep popping up saying: 'Darling, now I think . . .' and 'Now, honey, it's my opinion . . .'

"All of a sudden Ben was standing up, looking down at me. 'Do me a favor,' he said. 'I love you being so vivacious, but for once just don't have an opinion. Don't be quite so vital. Let me finish what I'm saying and then go a little easy. No jumping to conclusions, please.'

"He was smiling broadly, but we both knew he was kidding on the square. It taught me such a lesson," she declares. "In sports, I know how hard I always want to win, and yet I've always known, as any athlete does, that if you press, you become so tense that it's almost impossible to win. That night I really was overdoing it. Ever since then, I have tried consciously to relax with Ben. I consciously listen, wait for him to ask my opinions before volunteering them—and don't always have an opinion!

"On that word 'consciously' a hold on a husband often depends. Much more so than on glamour or sex. Sex between husband and wife is beautiful, when it is understood and when it takes its rightful place. But the conscious uniting of your mind, your interests and your enthusiasms and the bond your children bring to you are twice as important."

The \$64 question, what would Esther do if Ben fell in love with another woman.

"What a question!" she exclaimed. "I'd stick to him like glue, I think. Until such a thing happens you never know, of course. But I like to think that instead of indulging in false pride I'd study that other woman to find out if she offered my husband more than I could. I'd want to know if it were infatuation or real love that my husband felt for her. If I became convinced that it was infatuation, a passing fancy, I'd regard it as a sickness and stick to my husband just as I would if he were suffering from pneumonia—and pray with all my heart that he'd get over it."

"What about the subject of money?"

"I certainly don't think," she said, "that a wife has a right to be extravagant with her husband's hard-earned cash. She should be aware of how difficult it is for him to earn money and consider it part of her job to help save for a secure future.

"Neither Ben nor I are very impressed by extravagance. We know my career can't last forever and that's one reason we're so happy that Ben's business interests are turning out so well. After I've retired from pictures and we have, we hope, several children growing up, we want to be able to look forward to a secure future.

"I've never needed expensive things in order to be happy. Because of my work I have to spend more money on clothes than I would otherwise. But I'm convinced a girl can look just as smart and lovely in an inexpensive, well-thought-out costume as she can in a number turned out by a custom designer. I'm also the kind of girl who thinks nylon makes better lingerie than all the embroidered silk in China."

Separations, Esther thinks, are not good. "Marriage is made up of all the intimate daily things; the small laughs, small triumphs, even small hardships that a man and wife share. You don't share these moments in the same way when you're apart. Ben and I try to avoid separations. If my work takes me out of town for any length of time, Ben tries to arrange his business engagements to be with me.

"After all, remember that old saying: 'A good man is hard to find.' So, if you find him—don't let him go." **THE END**

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1951.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI
Notary Public, State of New York,
Qualified in Bronx County, No. 03-8045500.
Certificates filed in Bronx and New York
County Clerks and Registers Offices.
(My commission expires March 30, 1952)

I Was There

(Continued from page 29) You Play the Palace." It told about her career. It kidded the newspapermen who, she was sure, were going to report that she needed to lose ninety pounds more. And it waxed sentimental as she paid homage to the great names that had preceded her on that stage, singing their theme songs. Fanny Brice's "My Man," Eva Tanguay's "I Don't Care," Sophie Tucker's "Some of These Days." Then Judy sang *her* songs. "You Made Me Love You," "The Trolley Song," "For Me and My Gal." Sometimes she would stop and wipe her brow with an orange hankie that matched her crinoline petticoat. "This isn't very ladylike, but it's very necessary," she would say. Or, going over to the piano for a glass of water, "Gotta have some water," she'd explain. "You don't know how hot it is up here." She'd come to the footlights with the pitcher and glass in her hands. "Anybody want a glass of water?"

THIS was no personal appearance by a movie star. This was a great trouper giving her all. For, ever since she was little Frances Gumm, barnstorming the country in cheap vaudeville houses, Judy had wanted to "make the Palace." But long, long before she was a star, the famed theatre had turned into a chain movie house. Now two-a-day was coming back—and she was the trail blazer.

For her second appearance she came on in tights, a shortie jacket and a cocked hat. "Hallelujah," she shouted, "Come on, Get Happy," her song from "Summer Stock."

Another change—this time to the tramp costume for "A Couple of Swells," her big number from "Easter Parade."

It was getting late. But the Garland spirit was still soaring. She came back for bow after bow. But everyone knew there was one more song to be sung. Again Judy came to the footlights. She took off her battered hat, sat on the stage apron and sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." When she finished, her eyes were moist and the showfolk in the audience were weeping unashamed. "I'm not good at making speeches," she faltered. "What can I say except 'bless you.'" The usherettes came down the aisles with flowers from all over the world and, most prized of all, a basket of roses from Judy's little girl, Liza.

Backstage was a madhouse. Photographers, reporters, friends surged to hug Judy and kiss her and tell her how wonderful she was. "Thank you, thank you," she repeated again and again. "Are you coming to my party?" she asked. "You must come to the party." Sid Luft gave a reception for her at the 21 Club. "I'll probably go straight home and collapse, but you must go to my party."

At last, breathtaking in a pale blue tulle gown, she was ready to leave the theatre. "Don't worry," a publicity man told her. "We'll get you out through a side door."

"No, no," said Judy. "They told me they were waiting . . . for six hours. I want to go out through the front."

There were at least 5,000 people waiting. The news of Judy's triumph had spread like wildfire. "I've been on this beat twenty years," said a policeman. "I'm telling you I've never seen anything like it."

She came out arm in arm with Sid Luft, surrounded by four policemen. But there was no disorder. Just the din of thousands of voices shouting, "Judy! Bravo! Bravo! Judy!" You could hear the cheers and applause all the way down Broadway to 42nd Street—drowning out the hum of the busiest street in the world.

THE END

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Handle with Care

(Continued from page 49) co-starred with Frank Sinatra in "Meet Danny Wilson," people in the studio held their breath waiting for the battles of temperament. But Shelley and Frankie fooled everyone. While they weren't crazy about each other, they didn't fight. But, oh, how Shelley fought with the director, Joseph Pevney! She never will again, however. Mr. Pevney took control of her temperamental temperature, right off the bat. "Hold it!" he shouted after the first two takes. "Look," he said to Shelley, "you're trying to be cute. Stop it!" Shelley turned white, but she stopped it.

I caught another sample of Joe's tactics when I mingled with the crowd at Ciro's. Shelley, doing a scene with Sinatra, was supposed to be singing, and Frank, supposedly drunk, was to come into the night club and ruin her song. Shelley started telling Pevney how she wanted the scene played. The director turned to his writer and said quietly, "Write her out of the scene." Later, when Shelley again started to direct the director, he said again, "Write her out of the scene." Shelley, who would rather die than lose a scene, rushed to her dressing room, locked herself in for twenty minutes, then came out, sweet and subdued, with "Okay, I'll do it your way."

THERE are more ways of getting past a mountain than by climbing it. June Allyson is just as determined to have her own way as Shelley is, but she approaches her objective with—shall we say—more intelligence. June has never embarrassed her director by shouting at him on the set. June merely goes to her dressing room, crinkles up her cute little nose, and sits until she gets her way. P.S. She usually does.

Joan Crawford rarely loses her temper on the set. She's too hep for that. But recently, when a top-name director persisted in picking on a small-part woman player, Joan, who just happened to have a glass of water in her hand, involuntarily poured it over the startled man's head. Joan immediately apologized. The director laughed. But he stopped picking on the bit player.

When Hedy Lamarr doesn't see eye-to-eye with her director, she usually falls flat on her back. In one recent picture, Hedy actually had her couch right under the camera! But when she was asked what was wrong, she never quite knew. "It feels funny," she'd say when she felt ill, when she didn't like her dialogue.

Not too long ago preparations were made to go on location. The crew was set, tickets bought, everything lined up. The day before the company took off, Miss La-

marr calmly announced that, according to her contract, she didn't have to go on location—ever! Sure enough, it was in the small print. The director had his revenge later. One Saturday when Hedy planned a weekend out of town, he ordered her to come to the studio at four-thirty in the afternoon to be made up and have her hair fixed, for a scene presumably. By the time Hedy was ready, it was too late to work. "But it ruined her weekend," gloated the normally kind executive.

Stars are sometimes frustrated directors. Claudette Colbert is one. So is Kirk Douglas. Claudette always has a phobia about one side of her face. And lately when her director wanted a three-quarter shot of Claudette's face, with the other player to the side of her, Claudette insisted on turning the other cheek, which meant backing the other player into the camera. The director was sarcastic. Claudette rushed from the set. "But," the director told me later, "when the time came to shoot, she was there waiting, and she laughed and said, 'All right, you so-and-so, do it your way.'" Actually it was a compromise, with something new added—respect.

Mr. Douglas is a very perspicacious performer. And if I ever directed him in a picture, which isn't likely, I'd consult with him on the scenes because he knows what's what. When directors don't do this, Kirk, if he is sure he is right—ups and leaves the set. The one time he should have and didn't, was when he was told to move aside because he was hiding Walter Brennan in a scene. I'm told Kirk refused to budge on artistic grounds.

Beautiful blonde Marilyn Monroe is short on stardom, long on confidence. She was forty minutes late reporting to the set one bright summer morning. The director gave her a wicked tongue-lashing before the assembled cast and crew. Marilyn has never offended again. Perhaps the lesson of punctuality is better learned at the beginning of your career.

Bette Davis made some of her best pictures with Willie Wyler and Curtis Bernhardt. I wouldn't want to buy her personal relationship with either man. Curt megaphoned her comeback picture, "Payment on Demand." (This was before "All About Eve" when it was tough going, career-wise, for Bette.) Because of an argument over the ending of the picture, Bette hasn't spoken to Curt since—even though the box-office proved Curt right.

Willie Wyler directed Bette in "Jezebel," "The Letter" and "The Little Foxes." After each picture—a better word would be "battle"—Bette swears she'll never do another with Willie. And when Goldwyn

wanted to harness star and director for "The Little Foxes," Bette tried to beg off, telling Wyler that Tallulah Bankhead was the only person for the picture.

As you know, Bette did the film, but throughout the long schedule, she and Wyler fought like—well you name it. Willie crowned everything, and was nearly crowned himself, by accusing Bette of imitating Tallulah! (Later Bette did just that in "All About Eve.") Came the day when Bette saw the finished picture. And she remarked, "Working with Wyler is hell. But when you see what comes out on the screen, it's heaven."

I have never known anyone more unpredictable on the set than Mark Stevens. One minute, happy, sweet and gentle. The next, pugnacious, suspicious and definitely not happy. It was an unhappy idea to team Mark with director Irving Reis who is sensitive to the point of complexity. "Dancing in the Dark" is the picture they made. And never were two adults more in the dark. One afternoon, Irving, on a trigger point of exasperation, pushed Mark. Then fists flew, with both emerging from the fracas with bloody noses.

A psychologist told me that Mark's feuds and fights are based on his own personal insecurity. Well, he can't be worried too much about dollars and cents. He voluntarily relinquished a very handsome contract at Twentieth Century-Fox. It's too bad that, since then, the fine A pictures for which he gave up his Fox job, haven't materialized.

I always find Joan Fontaine pleasanter to chat with when her movie star isn't shining too brightly. Some of her directors say the same. Edmund Goulding, who is charming, especially to his lady directees, had a swell method of handling Joan during their "Constant Nymph" picture. After each scene, he'd go to everyone on the set and whisper, "Tell her how beautiful she is. Tell her what a wonderful actress she is. She's so insecure, you know."

They call Barbara Stanwyck "Everyone's Girl." She's certainly one of the best actresses the town has ever had. But if she has ever argued with the director during the making of a picture, I haven't heard about it. Her attitude towards her career was summed up for me by ace-cameraman, George Folsey. "She puts you on the spot," said George. "Stars have to be ready to work at 9 A.M. Most of them are ten minutes late and that's all right. But I get to the set at twenty minutes of nine and Barbara is made up and eager to go."

Barbara loves—and lives for—her work. She once told me, "When I'm in front of the camera, an invisible wall separates me from the world, and I know peace."

Other delightful guys and dolls from the director's eye-and-ear view: William Holden—very cooperative; Cary Grant, who, if he has something on his mind about script or direction, takes the director into his dressing room and says, "Look, I want to explain"; Robert Mitchum, a great worker, who is very gallant to the actresses, never backs them into the camera; Betty Hutton, so wound up in her work, so high strung, but so intelligent about what she is doing.

In the constant seesaw for position between stars and directors some stars get their egos soundly smacked. Sometimes it is the director who loses and resigns. Sometimes everything is just peachy from start to finish. But, except for a few rare heavenly specimens, this mostly happens when the lead in the picture is a boy or girl who hasn't yet reached the top—or has reached it and is falling down.

THE END

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VERA-ELLEN'S gay design for Xmas—greeting card trimmings on wooden tree

MORE HOLIDAY ***

Trimming

Gene Nelson of "Starlift" used Styrofoam and a hand saw to make his table tree. First he cut out two tree outlines, sawed one in half, then cut round holes at end of each layer of branches. Into holes, he inserted tree ornaments, held in with wire. He then fastened two halves of tree to center of whole piece, with bond adhesive. Banked with cut-out stars on a red cloth, it made a festive tree.

Wooden tree used by Vera-Ellen of "Belle of New York" is easy to make. Trunk, a 2 x 2, three feet high, is sanded until round and tapered at the top. Doweling, thrust into holes in trunk, forms branches. With a coat of green paint, Vera-Ellen's tree was ready to brighten her home at Christmas.

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Antoinette Donnelly, New York

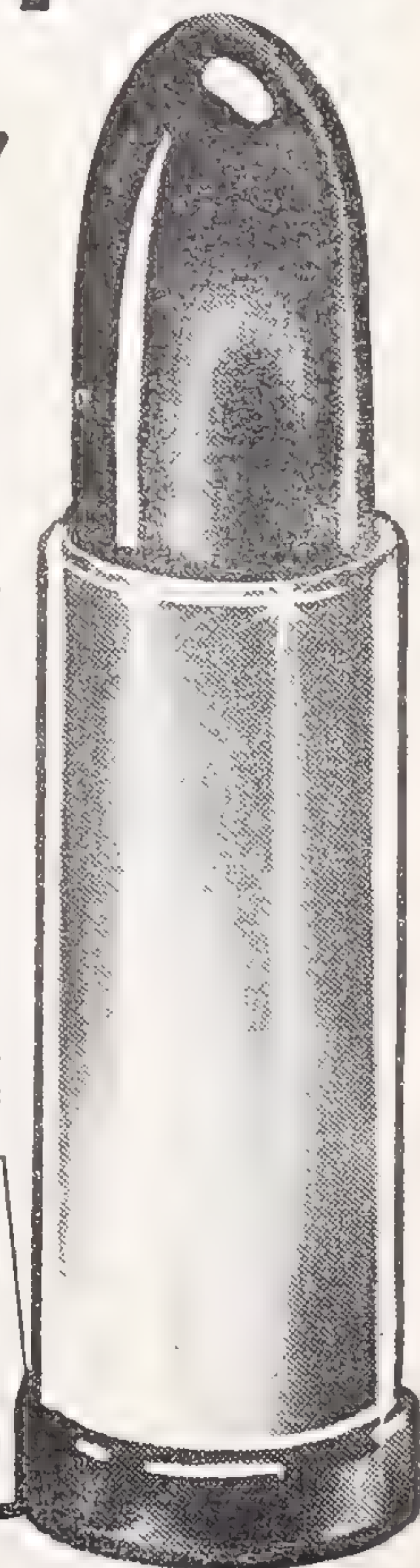


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Announcing the 1952 Photoplay Scholarship Contest

(Continued from page 65) At the end of their momentous trip to California, made at the invitation of Photoplay, they were interviewed by the casting directors of major studios, won themselves screen tests and possible screen careers.

If you want to be an actress, if grease paint and footlights, first-night audiences and rising curtains fill your dreams, then this is your opportunity. Whether you live in a tiny township or a great metropolis, the Photoplay Scholarship Contest can find you through your applications, letters, voice recordings and pictures. And if, through these things, your talent becomes evident, you will be invited to one of the auditions held in sixty or more cities across the nation, at which the judges will be directors from the local radio station, producers from the community theatre, drama critics from the local newspaper, instructors from near-by schools.

"Placing" at the auditions puts you in the running for the California finals. And though only three girls are invited to the

finals, winning the local audition can be a springboard for furthering your career. Photoplay notes with pride the Honorable Award winners who found recognition at these auditions.

Betty Britz, a North Carolina girl in Los Angeles for the preliminaries, was later contacted by a Pasadena Playhouse scout for a possible part in one of their Community Theatre Productions. Noel Marie Mast so impressed the Chicago board, she was auditioned at the NBC talent bureau, is being considered for a spot with a local show at the end of the school year. Nita Winslow was recommended by New York audition board judge, actress Judith Evelyn, to the casting director of CBS. And Eastern representatives of Twentieth Century-Fox, who saw Wisconsin's Nancy Fowlkes, New York's Ruth Hartley and Indiana's Neva Reece, invited them back for interviews, now have a watchful eye on their progress. Other Honorable Award winners whose talent Photoplay believes someday will be recognized are: Jo Anne Henderson

of Kansas City, Missouri; Martha Morrison of Detroit, Michigan; Marjorie Margot Schmitz of Cleveland, Ohio; Petrina Susanne Williams of Hackensack, N. J.

If you are one of those chosen as a finalist, you become a celebrity overnight. You are interviewed by the newspapers. Your picture is on the front page. Photoplay writes a story about you. And you go off to California for the finals. There, whether or not you are the winner, you meet the press, the casting directors of the Hollywood studios, producers and stars. You make guest appearances on radio, on TV programs broadcast coast-to-coast.

If you want to study at the Pasadena Playhouse, if more than anything in the world you want to be an actress, enroll in the Photoplay Scholarship Contest. You need never have acted before an audience. You need not be beautiful. You need only talent and the desire to succeed.

Watch for the February Photoplay for further details.

If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 67) attractively with them. It's personality that counts, as I think I can prove to you.

When Joe Kaufman, my producer on "Sudden Fear," came home from New York recently, he phoned me in great excitement.

"Joan," he said, "I think I've found a girl for Irma."

"Tell me about her."

"She's twenty-one," he replied, "and she has the most beautiful posture, the nicest way of greeting you, the most gracious way of speaking."

Not a word about her figure, or the shape of her nose, or the color of her eyes. Not even a word about her dramatic training.

She was proud, friendly, gracious. She had charm. I was certain, from this description, that she was right for the part.

Paging Noah Webster

Take this business of speech.

How many girls have "a gracious way of speaking"?

This is terribly important to first—or fiftieth—impressions, yet most of us are downright sloppy about it.

Why do so many of us say "Yeah" or "Nah" or grunt unintelligibly when "Yes," "No" or "Maybe" are just as easy and so much more positive (i.e., charming)?

Why is it that youngsters especially glom onto a word like "keen" or "slick" and work it to death?

My twelve-year-old, Christina, barged into my dressing room the other day and said, "Mommie, have you any absorbent cotton? I want a whole deely of it."

"What is a deely?" I gasped.

"Oh," she confessed after a moment, "it's just a word . . . a word you use for whatever you want to say—for a—a deely . . ."

See how easy it is to get into the habit?

I have a little vocabulary game I play with myself when I find myself overworking already tired words, or am unable to express an idea as fully and interestingly as I would like.

I get out my well-worn dictionary. First I look up the meanings of five words I'm not quite sure about. Then I practice using these words—in sentences.

After that, since the dictionary is open before me, I find five brand new words—brand new to me, at least—and add these to my vocabulary. It's fun.

Try it. You'll be less tongue-tied the

next time your gang gets together.

Glamour—Two Versions

This is the time of year when glamour comes into its own; when many invitations read "Formal!"

How formal is "formal"? you're wondering. Long dress or short? Big hair-do, or the everyday hair-do? What do the men in our lives really like?

The other night at the formal opening of "Streetcar Named Desire" I saw both versions of formal glamour—Patrice Wy-more arriving on the arm of her handsome husband, Errol Flynn, was as dramatically beautiful as a princess in a fairy story. Her long gown was a Dior original, white with a pink cummerbund, with ruffles cascading from the knee into a slight train!

She wore long white gloves and masses of diamonds (presents from Errol, lucky girl!) and a white ermine stole.

Her blonde hair was pulled severely back from the forehead, to cascade at the nape of the neck into a cluster of curls.

Coming in just behind her was Joan Evans, with one of her young men. Brushed and scrubbed, she gleamed with youth and health, not diamonds. Her only jewels were modest clip earrings. Her gown, short and very full, was a simple taffeta with cap sleeves—its only ornamentation a few sequined leaves at the neckline.

Joan's hair, parted in the middle, was simple and casual, but she was glamorous! The proud face of her young man said that in no uncertain terms.

Looks as though "formal" can have as many interpretations as you—and your young man—want to give it.

If You Ask Me

Now for some of your questions.

A reader is concerned about chronic lines and circles under the eyes.

To know how to advise her, I first would have to be aware of their cause.

For some people, circles under the eyes are structural—actually shadows in the hollows between deep-set eyes and high, prominent cheekbones.

Make-up, very sparsely and carefully applied, can minimize those shadows. Use a somewhat lighter powder base under the eyes and blend carefully at the line of the cheekbones. Beware of too much make-up—it's worse than none at all.

If your circles are of the "give-away" variety, from too much food and drink, too many late nights, the answer is simple. Go to bed early for a few nights, and sleep, sleep, sleep. Try a day of liquid dieting, too, for your innards' sake. The eyes will show it.

Sometimes, little lines about the eyes are an indication of very dry skin. For this condition get the richest cream you can find, and pat it gently around your eyes just before you pop into bed.

Another follower of this column, yearning for long, long hair, writes that she has a problem. Her hair just won't grow. It's been shoulder length for ten years.

My advice may frighten her but here it is: Cut your hair. Removing the dry, split ends will encourage growth.

Buy two good hairbrushes, and every night after your shower, lean way over and brush hard—give your hair at least two hundred firm, deep sweeps. With a brush in each hand, use alternating strokes.

There's an unexpected prize in this routine, incidentally. This two-hairbrush trick is the best exercise in the world for a beginning-to-sag bust line.

"I have a very limited budget for clothes," another reader tells me. "I hate cheap clothes, yet if I splurge all of my money in one suit and a couple of dresses, I bore myself and my friends wearing the same thing always."

I can sympathize with this girl, and I think she's smart to choose fewer, better things—more expensive clothes are often a real economy. They last longer.

That, of course, is part of the complaint. They last, and last, and "bore me and all of my friends to death."

But they needn't.

I, too, buy "better" dresses and suits—and in my business I can't afford to look the same day after day. So I keep a huge drawer full of inexpensive but effective accessories . . . artificial flowers, costume jewelry, scarves, belts, collars and cuffs.

I find it a challenge to see how many ways I can change one good basic dress.

Imagination can be a better wardrobe stretcher than money.

Do not hesitate to write me about your charm problems. Send your letters to Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Mr. Dynamite

(Continued from page 43) training field to watch a winter training session.

Bill was mad about baseball, and mad about Ray, and he wanted that day with the team more than he had ever wanted anything in his life.

And, in her heart, Mrs. Beedle wanted it for him. But she couldn't weaken. For some time, Bill had been showing definite signs of being allergic to his school work. With his standing so questionable, a day's absence would be a serious thing.

"But I may never get a chance like this again," Bill stormed.

"I know," said his mother, sympathetically. "It's really too bad."

"For a minute," Mrs. Beedle recalls, "it looked as though he were going to cry. I don't know what I would have done if he had. Given in, probably. But he just stood there looking at me, two big tears glistening in his eyes, then he walked over to the phone and called Ray Schalk."

"Gee, Ray, I'm awful sorry," she heard him say. "I'd give anything to go. But I'm in a jam at school and I can't."

THE control already was operating. And he needed it soon enough. For in the early thirties the Beedles—along with the rest of the country—faced up to the problems of the depression. And Bill's father, seriously ill of pneumo-silicosis, was bed-ridden for three years. Mrs. Beedle—with three small sons by this time, Richard having arrived two years after the family settled in California—had to go back to her teaching. Bill, as the oldest, actually stepped into his father's shoes in the household.

Mrs. Beedle says she should have realized then that Bill was destined to be an actor. He played out his new role as though it were a part in a play. Many a night when his mother came wearily home from school, he would seat her at the table like a queen, and, appearing in white jacket, with a spotless linen towel over his arm, proceed to serve her the dinner he had cooked, as though he were the major-domo at the Ritz.

To know these stories about Bill Holden as a boy makes it easier to understand the rare blend of temperament and talent, modesty and common sense which today sets him apart from most of his Hollywood contemporaries.

When Artie Jacobson, head of talent of Paramount studios, first set eyes on Bill, he was dumfounded by the earnest six-footer who sat across the desk from him.

Jacobson's assistant had "covered" the performance at the Pasadena Community Playhouse to scout a young actress.

The assistant had come back raving, not about the girl, but about the "elderly character actor" who played her father.

The "elderly character actor" by virtue of wig, beard and grease paint, had been twenty-year-old Bill Beedle; a Pasadena Junior College student, making his very first appearance on any stage.

"Any green kid who can convince me that he is an old man is an actor," the assistant had reported.

Jacobson offered Bill a chance any other twenty-year-old of his acquaintance would have jumped at—a screen test.

"We'll shoot it Saturday," Jacobson said, "provided you can get yourself over here every day between now and then for some coaching."

Quite calmly Bill said that to get to the studio every day was out of the question. "You see, it's finals week and I can't skip classes."

"You mean you'd pass up a chance like his rather than skip school for a week!"

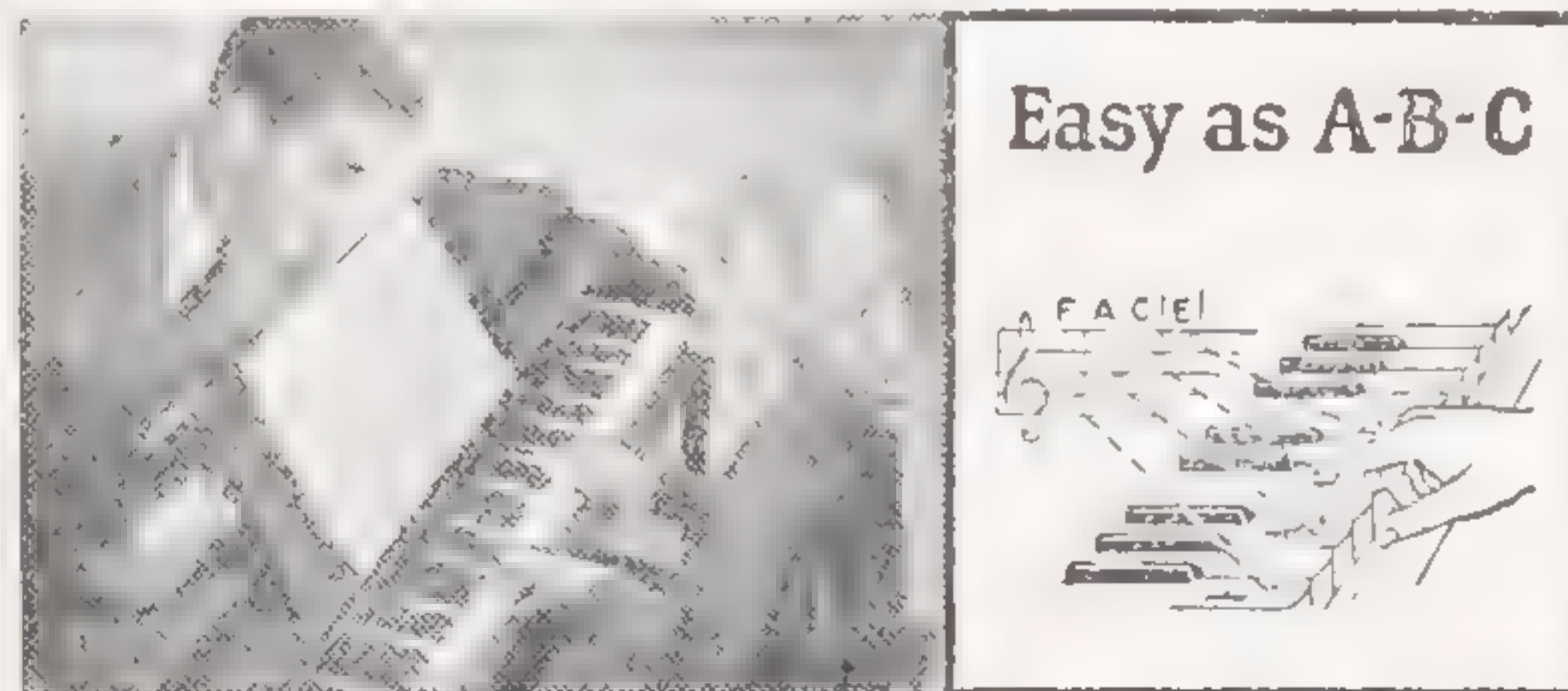
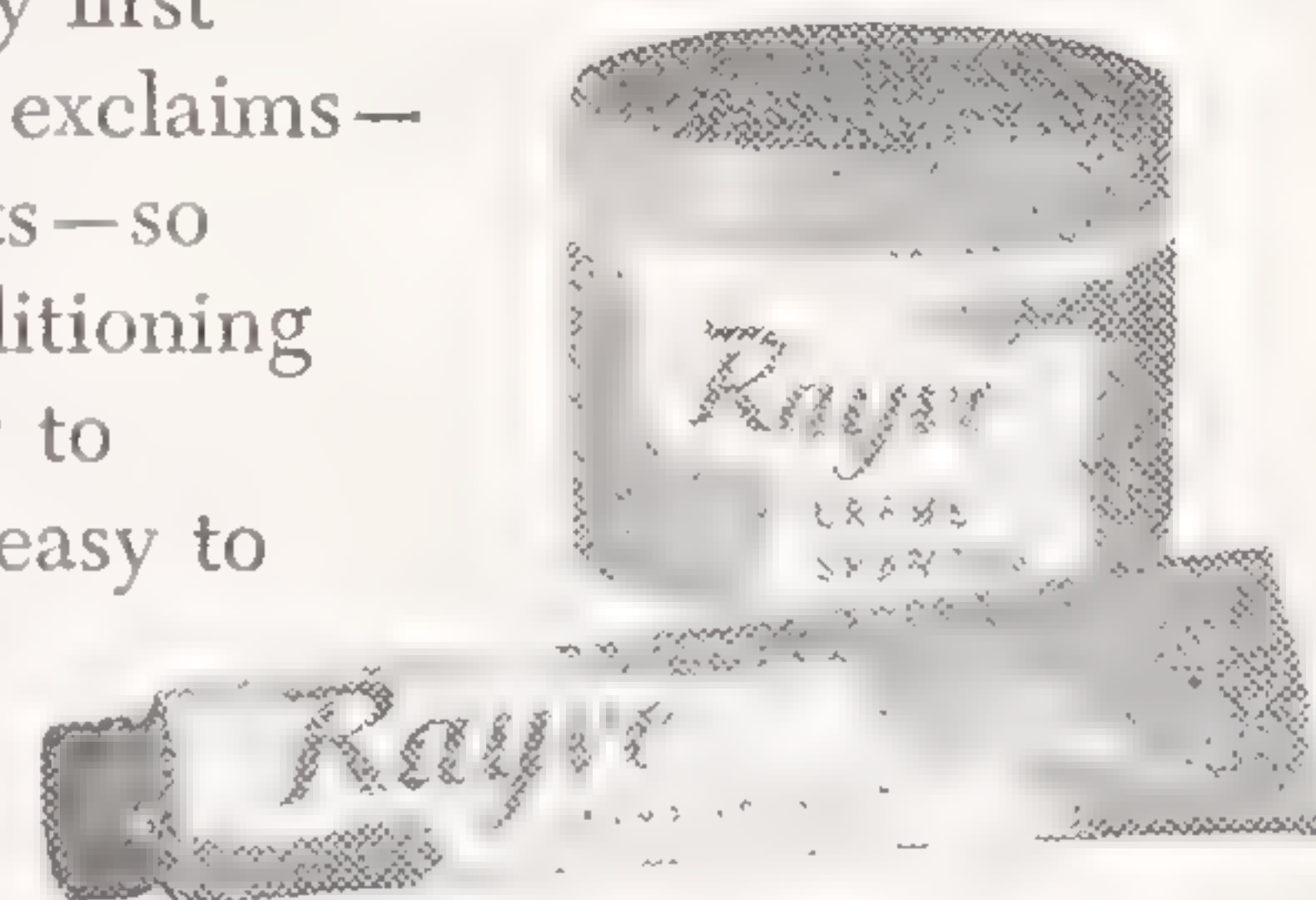


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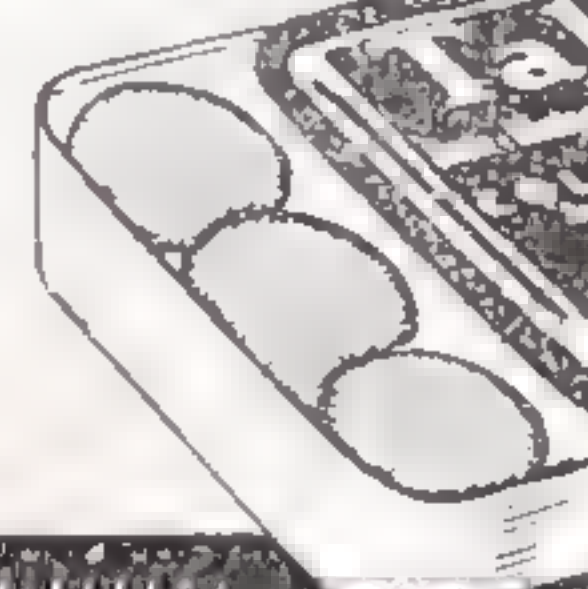
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"I can't risk flunking out," the boy said. Artie threw his head back and laughed. "I think you're crazy; I think I'm crazy, too. But I like you. Let's do it your way."

A series of coaching sessions for after-school hours were arranged, and the test was shot on schedule the following Saturday. (In the meantime, Bill passed his college exams with flying colors.)

However, a producer, who had final say about hiring new people, looked at Bill's test, and yawned. Bill was nothing, he said. Dull, colorless.

Bill had everything, Jacobson insisted, he just didn't throw it at you. It was a matter of restraint, rare in a kid so young.

At that moment, Mr. Biggest, Y. Frank Freeman, vice president and studio head of Paramount, walked into the projection room, and wondered out loud what the argument was about. Jacobson filled him in and re-ran the test.

Freeman lined up with Jacobson and gave the green light which put Bill Holden under stock contract—at a beginner's quick \$50 a week.

Not long after this William Perlberg, about to produce "Golden Boy" at Columbia, was looking for a girl to play the sister. He ran off a Paramount test of a starlet. It was Bill Holden's test, as well.

When Perlberg looked at the test, however, he telephoned Artie in great excitement. "Who is that boy?" he yelled. Jacobson told him what he knew about his find.

"You've found our Golden Boy," Perlberg told him.

WORKING gruelling hours daily in a strange new medium, dividing his nights between a violin teacher and a boxing coach who were teaching him the special skills the exacting part demanded, Bill was an overnight sensation in Hollywood. But he was too busy and too tired to know it. He did have time to make one good and lasting friend. Hugh McMullan, a graduate of Williams and Oxford and a former teacher of music and art at Berkshire, was "Golden Boy's" dialogue director.

McMullan chose books from his substantial library for Bill to read, helped him to an appreciation of music and art. "Made me," says Bill, "appreciate many things I might otherwise have overlooked."

One of those "things," although it probably wouldn't occur to Bill, was a beautiful young girl whom McMullan had known as Ardis Ankersen in New York, and who now—as Brenda Marshall, under contract to Warner Brothers, was starring in "The Sea Hawk."

Bill and McMullan had taken a small house together in the Hollywood hills, and McMullan—seeing that Bill was singularly lacking in girl friends—undertook to fill that hole in his friend's life, too.

One after another, pretty girls that McMullan knew were invited to the bachelor diggings for dinner. At some point during the evening Hugh would look questioningly at Bill, and more often than not be answered with a disinterested shrug of the shoulders.

It could have been, as McMullan thought, that Bill was too exhausted from his strenuous work at the studio to be interested in romance. But he wasn't too exhausted to go to Artie Jacobson's Saturday night badminton parties and play his heart out.

When McMullan first mentioned Ardis Ankersen, Bill was even more obstinate than usual.

"I don't want to meet any married women with children," he said. Ardis had separated from her husband, but, in Bill's eyes, she was married.

However, soon after the release of "Golden Boy," when Warner Brothers borrowed Bill to co-star with George Raft in

"Invisible Stripes," Hugh hinted again that Ardis was a mighty attractive gal and that Bill just might run into her on the lot.

"If you do," he said, "invite her to dinner."

They did meet. And Bill had found his "one woman" at last.

Bill and Brenda Marshall—he, and most of her intimate friends, still call her Ardis—met in September, 1939, and were married twenty-one months later, on July 13, 1941, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

It would have been much sooner except for the time involved in Ardis' suit for divorce and custody of her young daughter, Virginia.

WHEN they finally set a date, Bill was working. So they decided, since he was to be allowed no time off, to charter a plane for a Saturday night flight to Las Vegas. Bill arranged for the Congregational minister to meet them in his chapel at 10 P.M., and made reservations for the bridal suite and a midnight wedding supper at El Rancho Vegas.

To get things off to a hectic start, Bill—and his best man, Brian Donlevy—were held up for a couple of hours on the set. When their plane got off the ground, with the bridegroom still in full make-up, they ran into bad weather, landing finally, three hours late, in a muddy emergency field.

By the time they hiked into town it was three o'clock in the morning. The minister had gone to bed. And the hotel had given away the bridal suite.

At four, the pastor sleepily performed a ceremony at the foot of a big double bed in a hotel bedroom. After donning fresh clothes, the Holdens and the Donlevys felt gay enough for a champagne breakfast.

An hour later, their pilot suggested that they'd better head back to Los Angeles if they wanted to beat the fog to the Pass.

"That," Bill sighs, "was only the beginning. On Monday I went back to work. Ardis moved our things into the new house we had bought for the honeymoon we didn't have."

On Wednesday, Ardis left for three weeks' location in Canada. She returned on a Friday afternoon to find that Bill had left Friday morning for location in Carson City. Bill came back from Carson City ten days later in an ambulance, and was delivered to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for an emergency appendectomy. His bride visited him there every day and told him how things were shaping up in the honeymoon house. On the day before Bill was to be released, Ardis complained of a pain in her side.

"Sympathetic pains," Bill scoffed.

But the doctor didn't think so, and trundled the bride off for her emergency appendectomy.

They had a few quiet weeks after that, convalescing. In January they left for Washington to attend the President's Birthday Ball, planning to go on to New York—where Ardis was committed for personal appearances—figuring they could squeeze in a few evenings of seeing the city together. The United States was at war by this time, and Bill knew that the honeymoon must be now or never—for he had decided to enlist.

Meantime Paramount moved up the starting date of his final picture to the day after the Birthday Ball. Bill flew home to work, and Ardis went on to New York alone.

On April 15th, Bill finished his picture and on April 17th he enlisted in the Army.

Among the problems which Ardis and Bill had "settled" in advance during that year of waiting was the one all career girls face with the approach of a baby.

When that happened, they agreed Ardis would retire—devote all of her energies to her two most important jobs of wife and mother.

So Brenda Marshall stepped out of films, when she was at the peak of her career and became plain Mrs. Bill Holden, a decision she says she has never regretted.

When their son was born on November 17, 1943, Bill flew home from his station in Texas and chose the baby's name—Peter Westfield Holden, after his brother, Bob Westfield Beedle, then flying dangerous combat missions over Europe.

Bob's gay letter welcoming his new namesake was the last word Bill ever had from him. Only a few weeks later, the Beedles were notified that their son had been killed in action.

For the final nine months of his Army service, Bill was transferred to the Motion Picture Unit's west coast post at Culver City, where he could live with his family.

Those who knew him in the Army say that he never beefed. He knew that some actors were faking their way back into civilian life. He wouldn't, although he was going into debt for the first time in his life, and it was eating his soul.

He stuck it out to the end, and so returned to a movie business already recovered from its former leading-man shortage. And it was eleven months before Paramount found a suitable role for his re-introduction to the public.

The months of inactivity provided a welcome rest and a chance to get acquainted with his family, which had increased early in 1946 with the arrival of a second son, Scott Porter.

Inevitably, however, soon after Bill started working again, it became apparent that there was more gunpowder where that first blast came from. The "new" Bill Holden, the explosive Bill Holden, shook the screen in "Union Station." And in "Born Yesterday," there it was again—dynamite under control.

Moreover, Bill didn't use his stored-up ammunition just in front of the camera. When—after the smash success of "Born Yesterday," Columbia proposed to cast Bill in what he called "a trite old-fashioned conception of a motion picture," he said, "No, thanks."

The studio was aghast. Bill Holden didn't rebel. Bill Holden was a "nice guy." Nice and tractable.

But, with time, with Bill quietly going on suspension rather than make that movie, the Hollywood producers learned what the Beedle family had discovered when Bill was a little boy: not to be fooled by his pleasant, casual exterior—that he's high voltage underneath—Mr. Dynamite.

THE END

PIN UPS OF 1952

(SEE PAGES 34 AND 35)

- Virginia Mayo, of "She's Working Her Way Through College," is 5' 4½", weighs 118 pounds; bust 34; waist 24; hips 34
- Ava Gardner, of "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," is 5' 5½", weighs 118 pounds; bust 37; waist 22; hips 37
- Mona Freeman, of "Darling, How Could You!" is 5' 3¾", weighs 110 pounds; bust 33; waist 23; hips 33
- Monica Lewis, of "The Strip," is 5' 3", weighs 110 pounds; bust 36; waist 24; hips 36

➔ TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and Photoplay cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing. Clip out this list and save it for future reference.

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Barbara Hale, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Anthony Dexter, Jody Lawrance, Jack Mahoney, Beverly Michaels, Terry Moore, Pat O'Brien, Donna Reed, Carl Benton Reid, Mickey Rooney, Dolores Sidener, Charles Starrett, Johnny Stewart, Pat Williams, Aldo Ray.

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Dana Andrews, Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: Dawn Addams, June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Keefe Brasselle, Kay Brown, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Eileen Christy, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, Bruce Cowling, James Craig, Vic Damone, Nancy Davis, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Sally Forrest, Dan Foster, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Stewart Granger, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, John Hodiak, Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, John Lupton, Marjorie Main, Maria Elena Marqués, Ann Miller, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, Henry Nakamura, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Ezio Pinza, Jane Powell, William Powell, Paula Raymond, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Red Skelton, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn.

Monogram Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Whip Wilson.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Jean Arthur, Peter D. Baldwin, William Bendix, Lyle Bettger, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Mona Freeman, Nancy Gates, Paulette Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Dick Keene, Alan Ladd, Irene Martin, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Nancy Olson, Eleanor Parker, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Franca Faldini, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott, Richard Stapley.

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Carla Balenda, Jack Buetel, Janice Carter, the Charivels, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carole Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Mary Jo Tarola, Ursula Thiess, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Adrian Booth, Judy Canova, Michael Chapin, William Ching, Penny Edwards, Eilene Janssen, Mary Ellen Kay, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Adele Mara, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, Roy Rogers, Grant Withers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Richard Allen, Merry Anders, Dana Andrews (with Goldwyn), Ray Andrews, Charlotte Austin, Richard Basehart, Lauren Bacall, Barbara Bates, Anne Baxter, Richard Boone, Cornell Borchers, Scott Brady, Marlon Brando, Jill Clifford, Valentina Cortesa, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Dannielle Darrieux, Bette Davis, Joanne Dru, Gloria DeHaven, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Cary Grant, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, June Haver, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Richard Hylton, Louis Jourdan, Patricia Knox, William Lundigan, Myrna Loy, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Pat Neal, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Helene Stanley, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Orson Welles, Oskar Werner, Helen Westcott, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

Universal-International, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Ann Blyth, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Jeff Chandler, Anthony Curtis, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Yvette Dugay, Richard Garland, Cindy Garner, Nancy Guild, Joyce Holden, John Hudson, Rock Hudson, Alice Kelly, Piper Laurie, Palmer Lee, Richard Long, Stephen McNally, Bodil Miller, Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Gigi Perreau, William Regnolds, Beverly Tyler, Shelley Winters.

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Mari Aldon, Charles Bickford, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, Marlon Brando, David Brian, James Cagney, Philip Carey, Helena Carter, Steve Cochran, Gary Cooper, Horace Cooper, Joan Crawford, Ginger Crowley, Doris Day, Kirk Douglas, Betsy Drake, Errol Flynn, Virginia Gibson, Farley Granger, Cary Grant, Ron Hagerthy, William Holden, Kim Hunter, Phyllis Kirk, Burt Lancaster, Vivien Leigh, Frank Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Ray Milland, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Lucille Norman, Nancy Olson, Gregory Peck, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Ruth Roman, Janice Rule, S. Z. Sakall, Randolph Scott, Aileen Stanley Jr., Ray Teal, Phyllis Thaxter, Gene Tierney, Danny Thomas, Laurene Tuttle, John Wayne, Richard Webb, Dick Wesson, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore, Gig Young.

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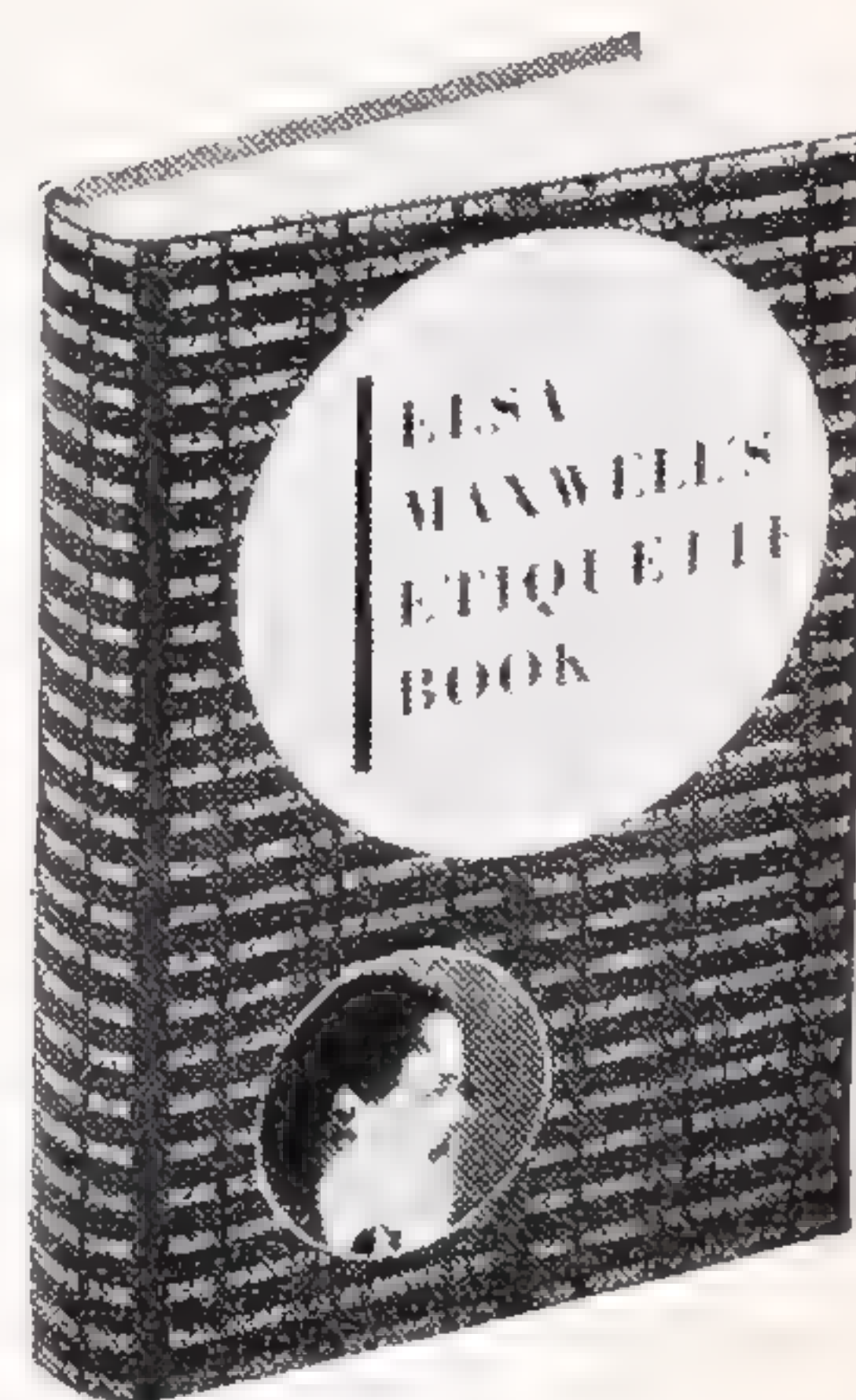
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Skytop House

(Continued from page 51) her husband, Bob Waterfield, star football player. The lot's so high above the road that passers-by never guess it is there at all. Instead of leveling the entire pie-shaped lot, they tucked the house against the slope of the hill, so that the rear is level with the ground while the front is second-story height and built on stilts. Perhaps I shouldn't say "stilts," for the supports are massive walls, all integral parts of the basic design. Also they're arranged so that Jane and Bob can use this area for outdoor living. They put a barbecue grill in the open section of three supports, each a third of a circular pillar, with space between the thirds. A bar is built under the rear of the house, well shaded and protected. So are the dressing rooms. Unorthodox? Yes, but so is Jane!

Swimming in their pool is like swimming on the edge of the world. It's at the front of the lot, and the grapestake fence around the property curves down to about a foot in height at the front, so that when swimming around the pool, you still have the superb view to enjoy.

It would be nice to be able to say, "You, too, can have a house like Jane's and Bob's," but such is not the case. Your house should fit *you* and not Jane and Bob Waterfield. But certainly there are ideas *you* can adapt to your own home.

To get the house she wanted, Jane worked with an architect. Is she pleased with the results? Well, you can tell when a person is happy with his home by the way he discusses it.

"How did the architect know so well what I wanted?" she said. "He's Kemper Nomland Jr., and we went to school together. I told him my ideas, worked them in squares, and he gave it design."

You can't see much of the house as you approach up the steep driveway, until suddenly, there you are by the carport. It's under the kitchen, and the entrance to the house is at the left. Hardwood steps wind up to the entrance at second story level. From the ground, however, you don't see the entrance, just the plain redwood exterior, stained deep brown.

Most homes feature a heavy wooden slab for a front door, with solid walls on either side. Usually they're needed for privacy, but since the stair-well prevented a vista into the house, Jane specified glass for the front door, and glass walls on either side. You look right into the house, but all you see are the gold-leaf-covered walls of the entry hall, a plant box to the right, and opaque glass above. As you face

the front door, the living room is completely concealed by a wall.

One of the primary objections to modern home designs is that they're stark and cold. That isn't true of Jane's and Bob's house, largely because in the decorating Jane worked out a theory of her own.

"I wanted a modern house," she said, "but I wanted it to look aged, about a hundred years old. That's why I chose dark colors, both inside and out. That's also the reason for my Chinese pieces. They're so simply styled they fit beautifully into a modern setting, yet they have an ageless quality."

The living room is almost rectangular, with the dining area jutting out about three feet. Green broadfelt carpets the entire floor, but eventually Jane plans to use wool chenille in a gray to match the combed plywood walls. When asked what the wall color is, Jane laughed. "That's 'pouf' umber," she said. "My own concoction, a combination of raw umber and burnt umber."

JANE likes beamed ceilings, but the architect said no. She persisted, however, and consequently, free hanging beams cover the living-room ceiling. They're about ten inches thick, and are suspended from the ceiling with small iron rods. They carry the brown color of the exterior into the room, and make a nice pattern against the gray ceiling.

Guests talk most about the fire pit, opposite the windows. It's a sunken section of the living room, three steps down; a modified rectangle, ten feet wide at one end, six at the other, and about fifteen feet long. Two sofas fit snugly into the front and side, their backs level with the living-room floor. Built-in cabinets support lamps and offer storage space, and a plant box juts into the area between one of the sofas and the steps. Palos Verdes stone comprises the entire wall, echoed by slate on the floor, and focal point of the area is the five-foot open fireplace, enclosed by an outside brass fire curtain.

With the built-in sofas, Jane and Bob felt they should keep furnishings at a minimum. The fewer tables and chairs that take up floor space, the more you have that feeling of lightness and spaciousness. All the sofas are upholstered in gray-beige cotton boucle, and the lounge chair in brown cotton boucle.

Though the dining area is part of the living room, its floor is about six inches higher than the living room, and a plant box divides the two areas, perpendicular

to the window wall. Following the Chinese motif, Jane's dining group is of teakwood, the seats upholstered in the same gray-beige used elsewhere.

Such a dramatic outlook needed equally dramatic framing. Jane chose draperies of bright red silk jersey.

All accents in the living room are gold, in picture frames, in gold wash trim for the lamp bases, in vases, and dinnerware. For a change she specified silver, combined with gray, for the adjoining master bedroom. Ultimately both spread and headboard will be of gray velvet. And large gray cabinets will serve as bedside tables, the gray finished off with rubbed silver.

From the somberness of the master bedroom, Jane went violently colorful in her dressing room. Let rooms that you occupy only a few minutes at a time be outrageously gay. Jane's dressing room combines purple and pink.

In a guest room, too, you can be more extreme in your scheme, because it's lived in only for short periods. Here Jane used royal blue and pink, with accents of white. The blue's on the walls. The pink is on the ceiling, in the cotton shag carpeting, the chenille spreads on the twin beds, the sill-length raw silk draperies, even on an old Victorian lamp table.

Whereas everything else in the house is simple and modern or Chinese, the guest bedroom goes in for *frou-frou*. The Victorian rocking chair, and the lamp that stands beside it are in white wicker, the latter styled after a birdcage and filled with dried flowers and pods painted pink and white. A little white wicker birdcage, filled with the same flowers, hangs next to the chest and the final fillip is provided by white rococo sconces on the walls.

Jane's color schemes are simple, with not over three colors in one room. One color dominates, a second is used in the proportion of about one-third and the third strong color is for accent only. Neither does she feature a print, but relies instead on texture for interest.

The one exception is the den. It stands in back of the living room and uses the same massive stonework for a fireplace, slate for the floor. At the windows, Jane hung heavy cotton draperies which feature a red and green pattern on brown ground. And a second pattern is in the heavy Navajo rug in black, gray, white and red. Furnishings are simple, a red leather chair, a green leather sofa, end tables, a desk and a television set. One wall houses Bob's football trophies, and a second wall is devoted to books.

What about music? A corner of the master bedroom, next to the living room, is allotted to that. It looks like a large closet. In it are built-in radio and phonograph, with shelves for record storage.

When you build a house that's designed especially for you, it's essential that you consider and make provision for every aspect of your life. Jane loves to paint and enjoys many hobbies. There's a tremendous room off the kitchen, a service room, containing washing machine, dryer and mangle, with cupboards for mending and ironing. But it's also a hobby room for Jane and Bob. A counter extends around two sides and over half of one wall is devoted to cupboards, closets and drawers.

For Jane and Bob the house is practically perfect. They can't think of a thing they would change. Because they thought ahead, worked out their ideas on paper and mulled them over before making them into actualities, they achieved the results they wanted. "How happy can you get?" they ask. And they mean it!

THE END

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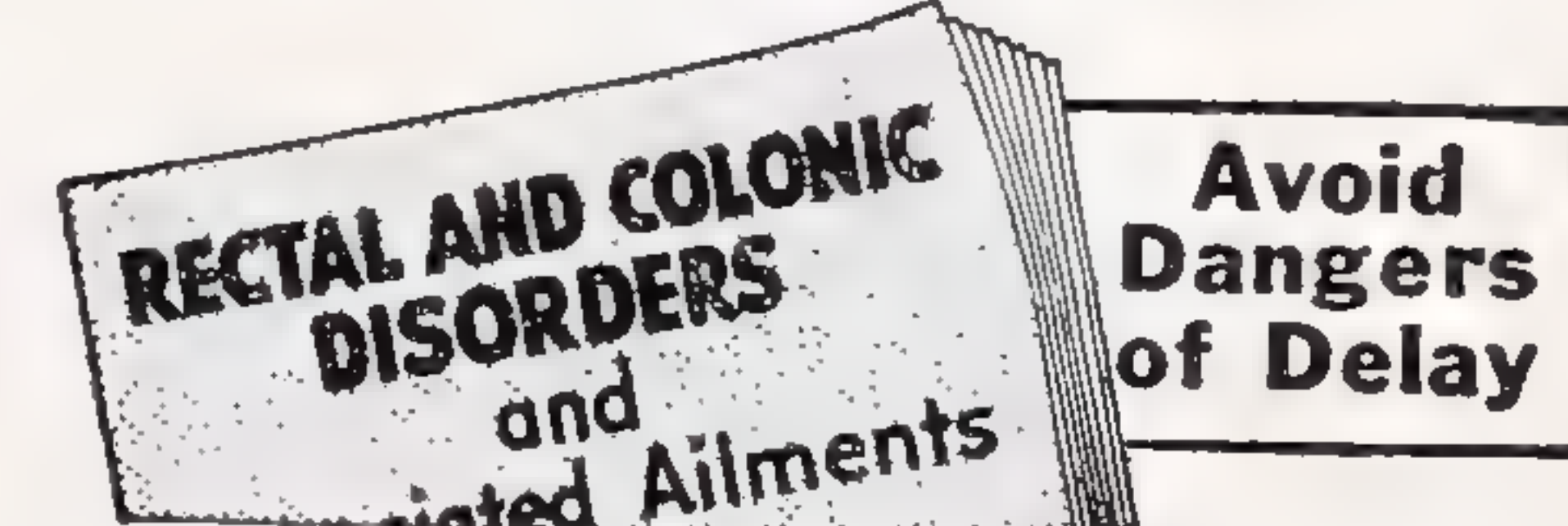
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Backstage Baby

(Continued from page 38) amazing creature, their first-born. Yet here there was a difference. Up the theatre stair-well came a belated warning, "Haaaaaalf hour!"

Jane's voice was matter of fact but her eyes turned back for another fond look at her husband. "Honestly," she remarked, "I suppose I'm being foolish but do you know, I hate to leave the baby for even the few minutes I'm on stage?"

With a rustle of taffeta, she ran down the stairs. Geary smoothed out small blankets and remarked, "There. I guess he's comfortable. This fellow is overdue for a nap."

But this fellow manifestly had other ideas. Small clenched fists fought their way out of the covers. Geary covered him up again. "Hi, Socker, no fair. You're supposed to go to sleep."

The baby continued to demonstrate how he had earned his first nickname. As fast as his father could tuck in the blanket he worked his hands free.

Geary shook his head. "The kid's got me licked. He's used to Janie singing him to sleep and I'm no Janie." Then the spark of an idea kindled. "Say, do you suppose I could take him into the wings? I'd sort of like to hear Janie myself."

Spreading out a blanket he folded his son into a snug cocoon and arrived in the wings just in time to hear Janie confiding to her audience, "All you mothers have sung this song at some time or another. It's all about a curly-headed baby. But I don't want to deceive you. I want you to know that my baby hasn't a curl on his head. All he has now is a light brown fuzz."

The enthralled audience gave a happy sigh. The baby, recognizing Jane's voice, turned his head. As she crooned the lullaby his eyelids drooped and before she had taken her last bow, he was sound asleep.

Thus Geary Steffen III, at the age of two months and one hour, became, on the stage of the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, the latest inheritor of an ancient theatrical tradition of being cradled in a trunk.

Stars just don't take their small children on tour any more. When they are on the road, their offspring are left at home in charge of a trained nurse.

In the eyes of Janie and Geary, such an arrangement was strictly no good. Yet there is no denying that when the question of a personal appearance tour came up, it forced into sharp focus a problem which Geary and Jane share with many other young couples: Should Jane choose work or motherhood as her true career?

Motherhood took precedence over work, but they'd choose both if they could make it practical.

The roots of their decision went back to their basic attitude that having children is an enriching human experience and they credit Dr. Bill Caldwell, Joan Leslie's husband, with crystallizing it.

Geary explains, "Bill's not only a great obstetrician, he's a wise friend. He understands the strong emotional drive which makes a person a star. He knows that if you try to bottle up talent, it just ends in an explosion."

Geary rigged up a phone system that ran from the baby's crib to a loud speaker at the side of their own bed. They were able to hear every slightest move that Socker made. One night Jane put it at her side of the bed and on the next night Geary had it beside his pillow. In that way one was always "on duty" to attend to changing and feeding and the other could get a good night's sleep.

One thing about this system bothered Janie. When Geary asked the usual morning question: "How was Socker last

night?" she often replied. "Oh, he was sort of fussy." Or, "He wouldn't take all of his bottle."

But when it was the other way around Geary answered heartily: "Everything was just fine. Just wonderful. Just great. He didn't give me a bit of trouble."

Janie furrowed her brow and brooded a little about this. Then one morning she inquired, "How does it happen that I always seem to get Socker on his bad nights while you get all the good ones?"

Geary shrugged in a big way. He said, "Well, I'm just lucky, I guess. Or maybe it's because we boys get along better. That's it. Man to man we just seem to understand each other." Then he ducked and ran to avoid the pillow that was flung.

GEARY was aware that Jane was getting restless. Having been in pictures since she was thirteen years old, the habit of working was deeply ingrained. On Geary's return from work one evening, Jane greeted him with a solemn face. "I called today and my picture is being postponed. Gosh, I don't know what I'm going to do. I've been shut up in this house for nearly ten months now, and it's getting me."

The next night when he came home, Jane had further news for him. "My agent, Paul Small, has an idea. He wants me to go on a personal appearance tour. What do you think?"

For an hour they weighed the pros and cons. Geary settled it by saying, "Let's call Bill and find out what he thinks."

"If you feel strong enough, it's okay," Bill decided. "But use your head about it. Get to bed early. Rest between shows. No benefits or other outside activity."

That's when the commotion really started in the Steffen household, with Janie, the actress, in conflict with Janie, the wife and Janie the mother.

To Geary she wailed, "I'm going to call the whole thing off unless you can come with me. I just don't want to go alone."

In a business manner, Geary sat down and studied her proposed itinerary. He had insurance matters he could attend to in Chicago. New York, too, would fit into his plans. Buffalo and Cleveland—no. They worked out a compromise. Where Geary's work fitted into the schedule, he'd be

along. "It's a good plot," he concluded. "Also I'll be back home part of the time to help Gladys with the baby."

Janie gasped, "Why, I can't leave my baby! I just got him."

Geary threw up his hands. "You want to go on tour, and you don't want to leave the baby. Janie, darling, once and for all, make up your mind."

Janie did, in a typically feminine way. "Why don't I just take the baby along? Actresses used to do it all the time."

Applying his usual rule of reason, Bill Caldwell said, "I don't see why not. The kid is perfectly healthy, you'll give him the same care on the road that he gets here."

Not having sung for ten months, Janie was afraid she was rusty. Her vocal coach, however, listened to her and beamed. "It's just like with Schumann-Heink. Having a baby has been good for your voice."

As the packing went into its last flurry, their friend, Barron Hilton, of the Hilton hotel family, took over. He made certain their suite would be exactly right when they reached the Palmer House in Chicago.

According to plan, Jane and Geary came on ahead. Gladys and the baby were to fly in two days later, after Janie was over the excitement of her opening.

Arriving at the hotel, they found a bottle warmer in the kitchenette, the makings for formula in the refrigerator. But at the sight of the crib, Jane grew misty-eyed and Geary admits he swallowed hard.

"But we didn't telephone home right away," he says. "We knew the baby was perfectly all right with Gladys. So we waited twenty-four hours—when we just couldn't stand it any longer."

When Geary III finally did arrive, even though he was never actually brought onto the stage, he came close to topping his famous mother in popularity. Janie hadn't really intended to take him to the theatre at all, but playing six shows a day she didn't have time to return to the hotel between performances and she just couldn't bear being separated from him.

The public, discovering somehow that the baby was in the dressing room, clamored to see him. They jammed around the stage door in such numbers that Geary and Jane, fearing Geary III might get hurt in the crush, had to leave the theatre by a circuitous route which led into a tunnel, through the kitchen of a restaurant.

To Jane and Geary their Chicago visit always will be a milestone as the place where the baby learned to smile, to flop over in his crib all by himself, and to crawl.

Jane, modest about his achievements, protests it isn't really crawling. Geary contradicts. "It is, too. I put him on his tummy, he sticks his feet in the air, and then when I flatten my hand against them, he straightens his legs and inches forward. What do you call that if it isn't crawling?"

But such memories, treasured as they are, are overshadowed by the fact that they found during the personal appearance—with baby—confirmation for the plan of living they had set for themselves.

"We know now," says Geary, "that Janie can continue working as long as she happens to want to. The only difference is that when she's having a baby she won't be able to be in a picture."

Then he grins. "Come to think of it, maybe that means she's going to miss quite a few. This young fellow of ours will face plenty of competition."

Janie nodded happily. "He's going to have five brothers and sisters. We made up our minds we would have six children, even before we were married."

They're smart, Janie and Geary—smart with heart!

THE END

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In the Cool, Cool, Cool Wyman Way

(Continued from page 53) On the set a couple of days later Bing strolled over. "Got your next opus lined up?"

"I'm toying with the idea of 'The Blue Veil.'"

"Kid's clever. Plays both ends of the piano at once."

"I'll probably skip it—" Her gamin grin flashed. "This picture's made me real lazy."

"Quiet, Emmadel. Rumor has it that I sweat for my dough. Let's keep it that way."

Time passed, they wrapped the "Groom" up, and Bing went to the hospital for an operation. One morning Jane was driving along, minding her business, when a horn honked and a voice yelled, "Hey, Emmadel!" Who but the convalescent Crosby, riding in unwonted state with a chauffeur beside him? He poked his head amiably through the window. "What you doing?"

"Blue Veil."

"I knew it," he whooped. "Wyman smells a great role and unfurls her feathers to the breeze."

June called him an idiot, blew him a kiss and drove on. Behind the Groaner's kidding, however, she recognized truth. On the surface, Jerry Wald talked her into the part. "If it flops, we'll all pick our whistle-stop. If not, we'll all take our bow. But it's a challenge, so you can't turn it down."

Wald is a very persuasive fellow. On the other hand, Wyman's a gal who thinks for herself. Once convinced that a course is wrong with her, TNT won't budge her. A wise monk named Luis Ponce de Leon once said that life reveals its beauty only if you act in conformity with your own nature. Shakespeare said it another way: "To thine own self be true—" Jane was following both when, out of a dozen possibilities, she gravitated toward the role of Louise Mason.

THERE'S something paradoxical about her. Years of struggle to reach the star-crowned pinnacles have left her freshness undimmed. Longstemmed, sweated and skirted, her appearance suggests a fugitive from Vassar. Cameras can fake plenty. They can't fake the purity of *Johnny Belinda's* look. Meeting her casually, you'd call her uncomplicated. She's anything but. Beneath the animation, the humor, the friendliness, lie depths of reserve. You can go so far and don't cross the line. She belongs to herself. It's a self that admits few intimates but loves humanity with a steadfast sense of responsibility. This feeling demands release and finds it in the kind of pictures she makes.

"We're put into this world, nobody knows why. Sometimes I don't like it. Sometimes I'd rather be in heaven or elsewhere. Meanwhile, I'm here for a certain span of years. Nothing adds up for me except how much good you can be to how many people during that span. Without a goal you don't live, you drift. I've set myself quite a few. This is the only one that's ever made sense."

She's traveled a long way from her early goals. In a picture headed by Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, they gave her the overwhimsical name of *Bessie Fumffknick*, and a line to speak. And if you think she didn't go billowing through space that day, you're crazy—or you've never burst out of the chorus into a bit.

Actually, the line was as silly as the name. "What do you do?" Dick Powell asked her, meaning in the dance way. "I wim, ride dive, imitate wild birds and lay the trombone—"

Having delivered herself triumphantly of this masterpiece, she withdrew to rest in her laurels and watch the principals,

and presently found herself in a state of shock. Blondell, it appeared, was dissatisfied with something. Not only that, she was saying so out loud. *Fumffknick* turned big brown eyes to the hairdresser beside her. "How," she breathed, "can anyone not like a part?" The other's dry glance swept her: "Keep your hair on, kid. If you're lucky, you'll learn."

She was lucky. She achieved her first goal—a part—and cherished it like a mother because it was hers. That phase passed, as naiveté wore off, and she learned what the hairdresser meant. Keep on taking any old part, and you're sunk.

A few years ago Jane, like a fly in amber, was imprisoned in light comedy. If she hadn't been Wyman, she might have gone on forever, making a good thing out of wisecracking dames. But the mold stifled her and, come victory or defeat, she'd have to break out of it. Her break happened to come through Brackett and Wilder who, more perceptive than others, plucked her out of the groove to play *Helen* in "The Lost Weekend." *Helen* led to "The Yearling" which led to "Johnny Belinda." In the light of that radiant performance, one tends to lose sight of the courage, vision, faith and plain backbreaking toil demanded not only of Jane, but of those who helped and encouraged along the way. Time was when the hint of Wyman in such a role would have stamped you a candidate for the loonybin—except with the few who could see beyond their noses.

Where "Johnny Belinda" opened fresh paths of understanding toward the voiceless, "The Blue Veil" promised to do the same for the aged. Jane felt she could handle the young *Louise Mason*. What dogged her days and haunted her nights was *Louise* at seventy. If you've never been old, how do you feel your way into an aging body? For make-up, she had Perc Westmore—than whom, like Dinah, there's nobody finer. But make-up was only the top. This woman had to be old from the inside, or she'd be nothing.

"You've got a puzzle on your face," Charles Laughton said one day.

She looked up at him—the finished actor, the kindly human. Impulsively she asked: "Mind if I talk to you about it?"

"Talk away."

"I have to know why old people walk the way they do. What happens to their minds and nerves and muscles? Why do their hands move more slowly? What makes them unsure of their steps? Will I find the answers in anatomy books, Charlie?"

"Some of them, yes—and others—" he tapped her temple, "—here. The books I have. I'll mark them and bring them in tomorrow."

He worked in the picture for only ten days, but Jane's voice glows with thanks that he worked in it at all. "From this man whom I'd never met before I learned more in ten days than I could have learned in ten years knocking my own blundering head against walls. He made me feel old."

Well, "The Blue Veil" is in release now, and nobody's-going to have to pick any whistlestops. For Wyman, there's talk of another Oscar. However that may turn out, her goal is achieved. She's made a picture worth making by her standards.

After "Starlift" she goes into "Mr. Famous" with Crosby again. Because she loves working with Bing, because laughter's also important, because you need a change of pace. "Anyway, I do. I'd rather live like a roller-coaster than a suburban train. It may not be as safe, but if one curve swoops you down, the next one lifts you higher than a church steeple. You're

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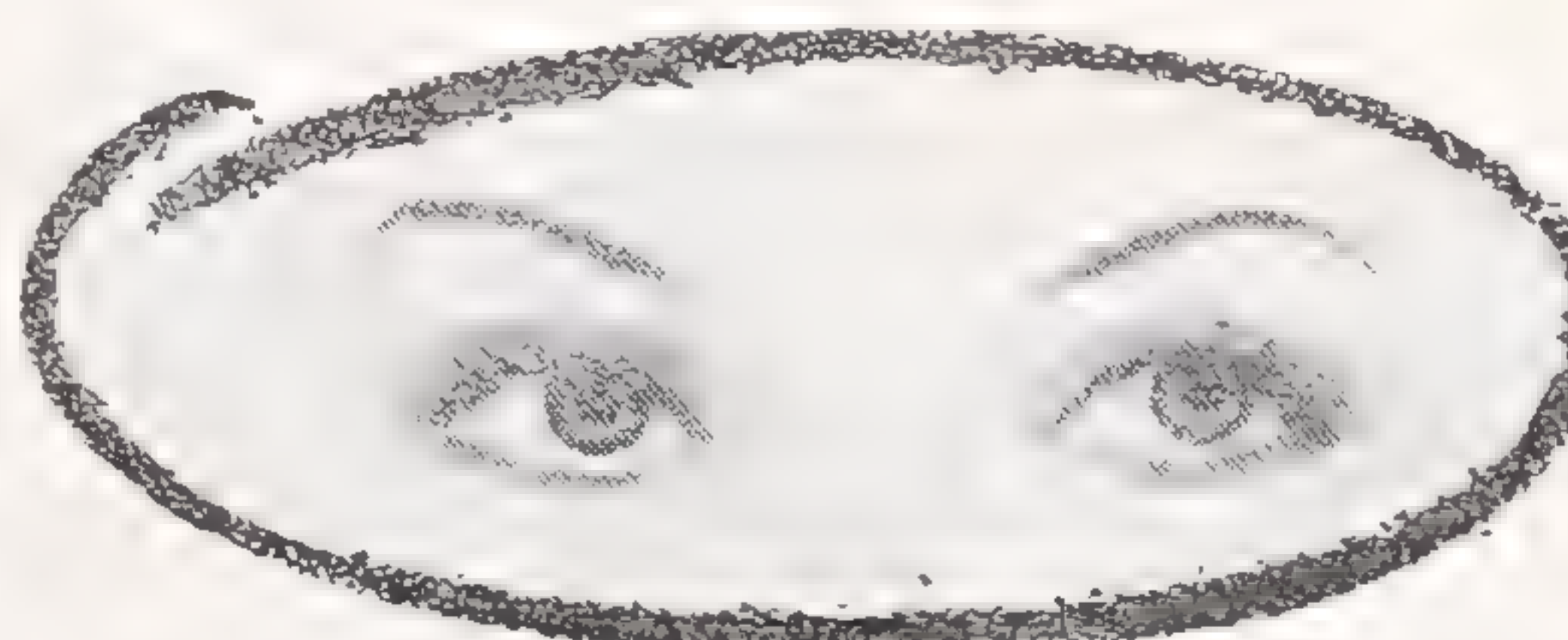


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maybe riding for a fall, but you know you're alive."

This yen for experiment helped dynamic Jane to her spot in the Hollywood sun. At the moment it seems to have helped her to a whole new career, which started with an improbable call from Bing. "Care to make *Cool* on a record with me?"

"Sure. Let's swim the Channel together next Christmas too."

"Look, junior, there's cabbage involved. Would Everett let me kid you about cabbage?"

Finally convinced that it wasn't the gag-of-the-month, she joined *Mr. Music* on the appointed day, had herself a ball kicking the song around, and drove home chuckling. "That'll fix Crosby. There's one he'll never make a dime on."

So she and Maureen were lolling round the pool when the phone rang. "This is Johnny Grant—" Johnny Grant's a popular disc jockey. "Like to hear your record?"

Her mind was a thousand miles away. "What record?"

"The one you did with Crosby—"

Jane's yelp cut him short. "Play, maestro, play—"

"Okay. Hang up and turn on your radio—"

If the effect tickled Jane, it electrified her daughter who's as full of ideas as an egg of meat. She loped for the phone. "Is this Johnny Grant? I just heard the *most divine song* on your program. With Jane WYMAN and Crosby. I can't remember the name. (She knew it better than her own.) Oh Mr. Grant, would you *mind* playing it again? It's simply *delish*—" She then called sixteen friends in rapid succession. All afternoon Johnny Grant's phone and head buzzed with girlish voices, pleading for "This terrific number I just happened to catch. Jane Wyman sounded so *cute*."

You can't tell Maureen and her clique that they didn't have something to do with zooming "Cool" into the Hit Parade, though they're willing to credit Crosby with an assist. Meanwhile Jane's disbelieving ears flapped to another siren call from Decca. "'Cool's' been such a smash, we'd like you to make two more sides with Durante, Groucho Marx and Danny Kaye."

Her first kindly impulse was to tell them they'd lost their minds. Her next was to let them find out for themselves. "I'm game if you are. My showerbath's taken the drubbing up to now. Let's try it on wax."

They waxed "How Do You Do and Shake Hands" from "Alice in Wonderland" with "Black Strap Molasses" on the reverse. It sold like mad, "Black Strap" being the side most buyers asked for. At Decca they kept turning the needle back to four lines warbled by Jane.

Muh grandpa's older than the old gray mare,

He sits a-rockin' in his rockin' chair,

But now he's got a smile that he can't lose,

Grandma's sittin' knittin' baby shoes— Obviously it wasn't the lyrics that fascinated them. The voice, they concluded, had a torchy quality worth looking into. Jane's next stint for Decca will be strictly on her own, except for a background chorus.

She's gleeful as a kid about the whole deal. Sails into shops and asks brazenly for her latest record. Even enjoys being squelched, as when the girl said: "You mean with Durante, Marx and Danny Kaye—?"

"I'm sorry about the billing," replied Jane meekly.

She's sorry about nothing. "It's giving me the biggest boot of my life. Even more than movies in a way, and here's why. Movies I love, but they're work. Singing I love, and the way I sing isn't any work at all. You open your mouth and out comes something, and if the people don't mind, why the heck should I? It's that much added to the gaiety of life, and I'm no girl to look a gift blessing in the teeth."

The gold statuette reacts dismally on some players, flopping them flat on their dignity while they wait for another script from heaven to hit them, and often fade away in the process. Figure Bergman or De Havilland, for example, chirping away about Grandma's baby shoes. Wyman's a horse of a different color. Her humor, zest and endless curiosity keep her lively as an ocean breeze.

THIS is a far cry from the Jane of another day whose whole course was charted, and who felt that all major problems could be solved by the four walls of a house. Because furniture seemed the symbol of security, she amassed furniture. Her favorite indoor sport was shoving it around or polishing it speckless for the sheer joy of owning it. Now she knows that security bears no relation to breakfronts, and can shine more steadily from the eyes of a wayside tramp than from those of a rajah. Possessions don't mean a thing to Jane any more, unless it's a pain in the neck. Her big house is up for sale.

She bought it for the sake of its four bedrooms, which she needed. Three living rooms she didn't need, but they came with the place and she couldn't figure how to send a couple back on credit. As the kids went off to school, Jane found herself rattling around like a penny in an outsize piggy-bank. One day she addressed herself to Carrie, the housekeeper who's been with her for years. They call each other Ma, and probably nothing but death could part them. "Ma, know what I'd like? A place you could take care of alone, with somebody in to do the laundry."

"Now you're talking, Ma. When do we go?"

"Let's see what the kids think."

Maureen, a firecracker for enthusiasm, promptly sat down to design herself a

dream bedroom. Michael had one reservation. "Where am I going to stick my tennis racket?"

"In the garage."

"I can't look at it there."

"You can look at it every night and every morning, and it'll be nice company for the car."

Mike's a car-lover. "Okay," he agreed. With all hands satisfied, Jane put her house on the market and felt a rush of freedom to the head.

To Maureen and Michael, their mother's a friend. To her, they're a source of delight, amusement and occasional confusion.

At eleven, Maureen's as tall as her mother—a development that sent her into swirls of ecstasy. Jane found this flattering, if a trifle excessive, till Maureen spun down and came to a starry-eyed halt. "Just *think*, Mother. I can wear your clothes now." In search of her best sweater, Jane's likely to locate it on her daughter's back.

She makes it a rule to arrange working schedules so that her free time coincides with summer vacations and she can give the children all her attention. Tennis with Maureen in the morning, pingpong with Mike after lunch, and such evening galas as the Ice Follies or ballet at the Bowl. Conversation spicing everything, and ranging from idle chatter to what Maureen calls a "real heart-to-heart—" Warm afternoons bring a flock of bright-suited youngsters—Maureen's gang—to cavort in the pool, listen to records and lap ice cream cones.

You've often heard that the children of movie stars are spoiled, blasé and oversophisticated. This is as true as most generalizations. Some are, some aren't and, as with the children of bankers or boiler-makers, the difference depends on training. There's nothing remotely blasé about these two. Maureen, for example, reacts to movie stars like the eleven-year-old in your own house. Plasters her room with profiles till the walls are all thumbtack holes and, when Betty Hutton drops in to see her mother, asks shyly, "Please, may I have your autograph?"

Jane never permitted Maureen to see "Johnny Belinda." Comedy, yes, but drama, no, she decreed. "We'd both had all we could take with 'The Yearling.' My child wouldn't speak to me for two weeks because I killed the deer."

But "The Blue Veil" came along and Maureen was older and the premiere would be something for that rabid fan to remember. "How would you like to go?" asked Jane superfluously.

Her daughter's delirium was broken by a wail from her son. "You never take me any place."

"Darling, you know that's not true, but I certainly can't take you to this when you're not even seven. Besides, you're going to the ranch, you'll ride your goat."

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he refused to be comforted till he came up with streaming eyes and his own solution. "If I don't get to see the Beil— (his "V's" are uncertain), you're going to have to take me to 'The Groom Went.'"

Jane needed to see "The Groom Went" like she needed forty-eight heads, but fair's fair. Michael escorted his mother to a matinee and emerged with a sense of masculine superiority. "You won't like the Beil at all," he informed Maureen. "In the Beil, Mommy doesn't sit on the other lady's stomach."

TO Hollywood at large, the premiere of "The Blue Veil" was Wyman's night. Jane, between mirth and tenderness, knew that Maureen was the true fairy princess, treading glory, untouched by the realities of the grown-up world. Dressed like her mother in black velvet, she stepped out of the car into storybook land—lights popping, fans yelling, beautiful movie stars in beautiful clothes smiling and saying hello to her.

But the evening's most glamorous event was the picture itself. It sucked her in and drowned her, so that presently a sob shattered the silence—loud, gusty and issuing unmistakably from a child in black velvet sitting beside the star.

"Maureen—" Another sob. "Holy cow!" thought Jane, and shook her out of her trance. "Stop crying, Maureen."

"But, Mother, it's so sad—" "The saddest is yet to come. Especially if you don't hang on to yourself."

By fadeout time, Maureen was a limp and happy mass of tears. By some alchemy she also managed to translate herself into queen for the evening, welcoming Jane's friends as they dropped in later, accepting congratulations for her mother. Next morning Jane heard her on the phone with a chum. "Well, of course I saw 'The Blue Veil' . . . three handkerchiefs, sopping wet, don't miss it. . . My mother? Well, I want you to know she was sitting right next to me, and she wasn't moved at all.

I don't believe my mother understands drama—"

In today's world no one can be at peace. You can, however, set your own house in order. Through her children, her work, her grasp on essential values, her sense of profound oneness with mankind, Jane's achieved that inward balance which makes for serenity. But she differs from the woman in the story who, asked for the secret of her happiness, said: "Ah done quit strivin'." So long as there's room for growth—meaning while life and strength remain—Jane will go on strivin'.

From an editor's viewpoint, no story's complete without a touch of romance. Jane thinks that's too bad. Everything she put into her work, which is plenty, belongs to the public. The rest belongs to herself. Trying to poach on her reserves will get you nowhere. It's an open secret, for instance, that she dates Greg Bautzer. Ask her about him, and she'll say, "He's a nice guy—" Then the air goes dead.

Yet she doesn't hesitate to report a recent proposal. The gentleman entered her bedroom and laid it on the line. "Mom, will you marry me—?"

A fine time, she groaned to herself, with one eye open, to explain to your son that he can't marry his mother. Lifting herself on an elbow, she made the attempt. "Someday you'll meet a nice little girl and bring her home and say, 'Mom, this is the girl I want to marry.'"

Mike would have no part of this. Brooding, he wandered down to Carrie. "I asked Mom to marry me and she won't."

Since Carrie had both eyes open, she went into the situation more thoroughly, with no marked effect on the young suitor's spirits. Then another idea popped, and he brightened. "Well, if Mom won't marry me, I guess I'll just have to marry my goat."

With that romantic angle we trust we leave our readers happy. Anyway, it's the only one we could get.

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 6) green; hair—brown. Disposition: friendly. Intentions: honorable unless overwhelmingly tempted. Beef: the female of the species.

Not long ago I was invited to attend the wedding of a buddy of mine. I received my invitation the customary three weeks in advance, and promptly began to cull my little black address book for the name of some girl whom I might take. I thought, calculated, and figured. I discarded every name in the book for one reason: Any girl I took to a wedding would take it that I was getting serious about her. I wound up taking another buddy of mine; afterwards we had two highballs at a pretty nice club and followed this with hot cakes, coffee, and conversation until dawn.

We agreed on one thing: the average girl is an eager beaver. She is determined to get married before she is twenty-five; she can't be friends with a man. She refuses to face the economic fact that a guy who has served his time in uniform (and every guy for the next twenty years is going to have to spend some time in the chow line) has to get his education afterward and isn't ready for marriage until he is through school. Sure, I know some guys who have married and then got a degree, but that's a rough deal. I wouldn't want to put a woman through it.

Result of this get-that-ring-or-die-in-he-attempt attitude of girls is that plenty of them sit home dateless while fellows go stag or team with a buddy to avoid complications.

Okay, so I sound like a jerk. Lady, I

sound like a lot of guys who spend their time unclutching those smooth, caressable hands from their necks.

The Reluctant Dragon

As we said during the second World War, things are tough all over.

However, if I am to judge from things I hear and letters I receive, there is much in what you say. Life was simpler in the old days when a girl was supposed to marry at sixteen, and a girl's father was within his rights if he asked a young gentleman—after six months of regular appearance—to describe his intentions.

Lately I have heard serious viewers of the social situation point out that our customs are undergoing tremendous change. I am inclined to agree. They say that Lord Byron's celebrated observation, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," is due for revision. Woman, apparently, will have to make a life for herself first, as a man does, and, like man, is going to have to regard marriage, home and family as normal eventualities somewhat second in the scheme of things.

The deep thinkers point out that much of our difficulty has been brought about by war, by the killing of large numbers of young men. If women really want to do something to restore themselves, they should band together and stop war.

In the meantime, a wary young man can do little except "unclutch" the clutching hands and refuse to answer the sixty-four-dollar question.

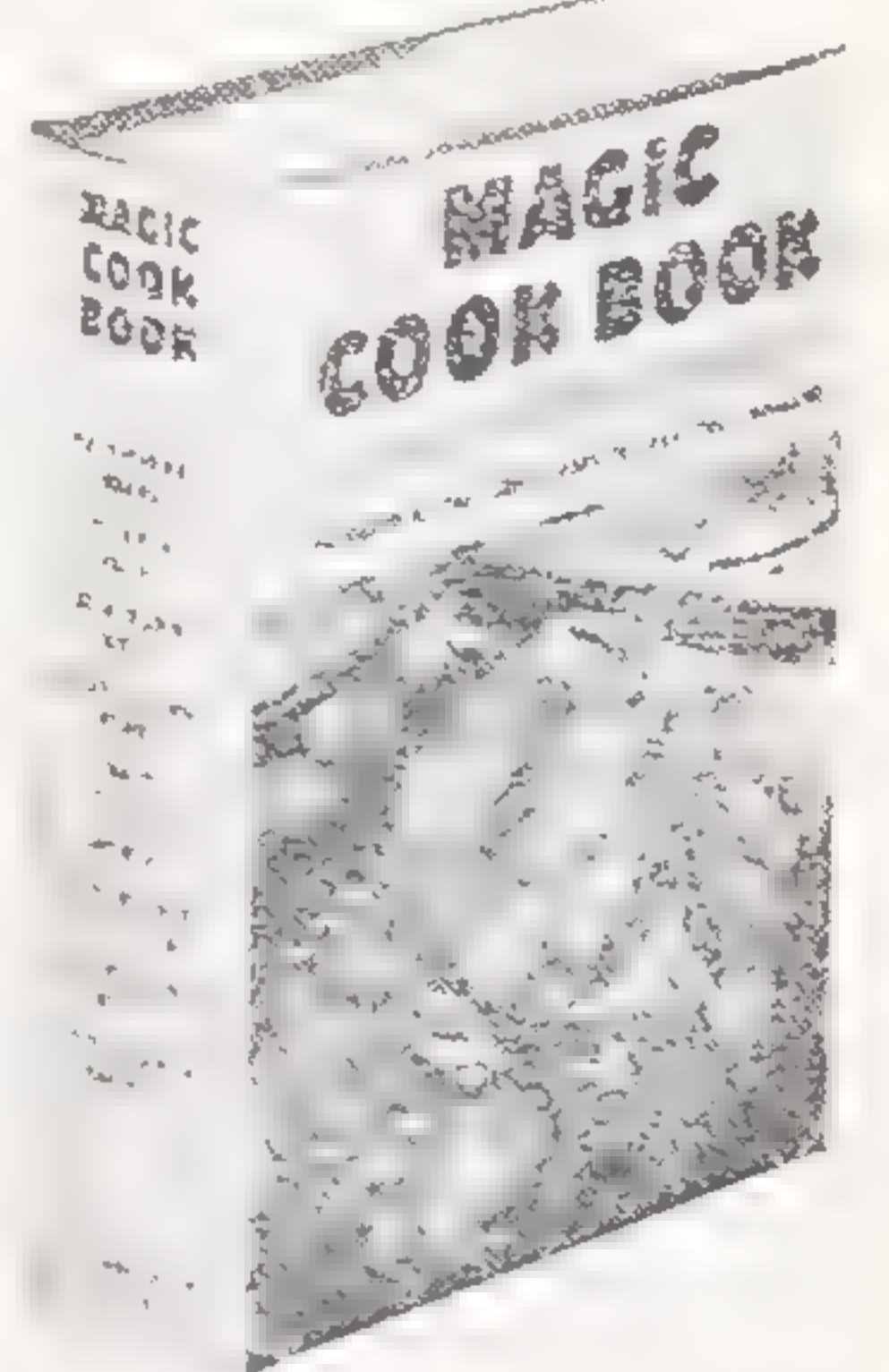
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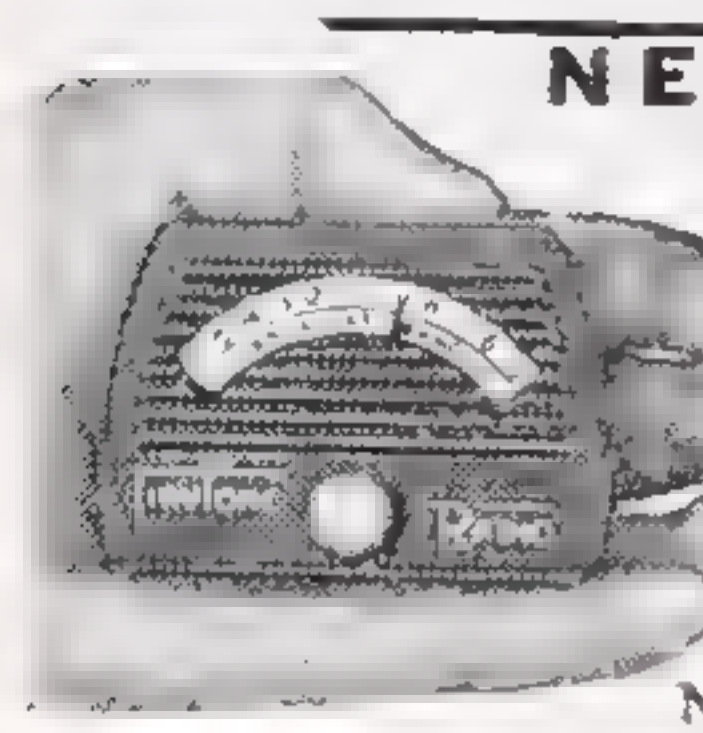


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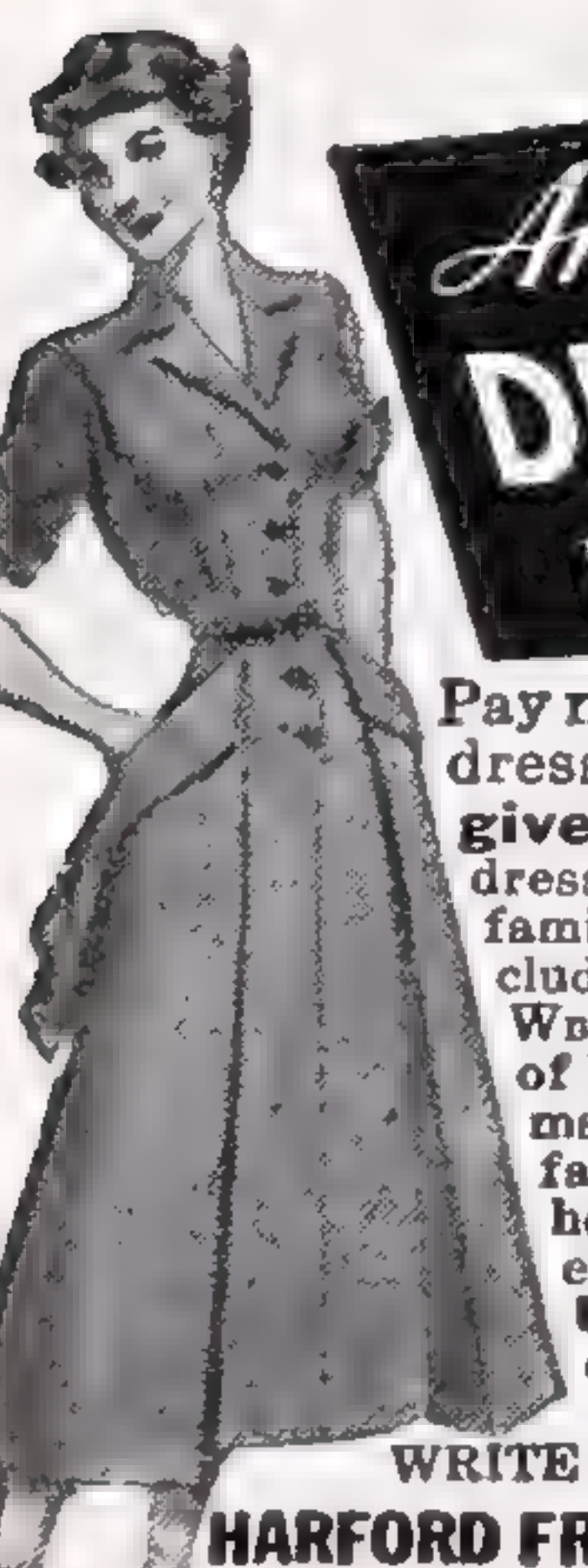
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Mama's Girl

(Continued from page 33) to look back at her dateless teens and wish she hadn't missed the beaux and excitement that are part of any growing girl's heritage?

"No!" insists Debra. "I don't have time for dates and things like that. My whole life is my work. Mom at this time can give me a lot more than any boy could. She gives me confidence and understanding. She coaches me. I'm not the calm, easy-to-be-with person I appear." She could have passed, with her long pigtails and her wistful look, for twelve years old. "Mother lends me stability and, most of all, feeds my ambition. I am ambitious, you know."

Hollywood knows also that Debra's mother (whose professional name is Margaret Gibson) always has determined that her five children should follow in her show-business footsteps. From the time the oldest, Teala, could walk, she went everywhere with Mom—on tours, in stock, legit, even burlesque, absorbing the backstage chatter and coming back home to tell the other children what she had discovered about acting. And Mom has coached the other children, too, in turn. There are long nights of reading one-act plays aloud. Not even the marriages of Teala and brother Frank have interfered with their careers. For Debra to have show business in her blood, then, is natural. What isn't natural is her extra-strong attachment to her mother which shuts everyone else out.

Asked if she was afraid of people or shy, Debra turned a little defiant. "I'm neither! It's just that with most people I would feel I was wasting my time. It's more fun, too, on a free evening, to go to a movie with Mom. In fact, on Sundays we often see three movies—one at noon, then another, and still another after dinner. They teach me a lot about this business we're in."

"There are so many things a girl has to do for her career," Mrs. Paget explained. "Personal appearances, working on location, going to bed early for those very early studio calls. All these things take up much of the time that ordinarily would be used for dating."

WE suggested there was time between pictures. "No!" Debra was emphatic. "Although I was just graduated from high school, I still have other lessons. Besides, I like to be home with the rest of the family as much as possible. And since we all chip in with the housework and take care of our own clothes, there isn't much time left."

Debra also insisted, vehemently, that she doesn't miss the fun of sodas with the crowd at the corner drugstore, picnics with the bunch during school vacation, parties, or even the delight of double-dating.

"Who wants to waste the chance that I have to make something better of myself?" she demanded. "There's always someone in the family to go with if I want a soda. And it's a lot more fun to share family interests."

As to that story that Debra doesn't even buy her own clothes, she asks, "Why should I—when Mom's taste is so perfect? Sometimes I go along with Mom—when she's not sure I'll like her selection. But I always do. She's never wrong..."

Looking at Debra's mother, plump, older, you wonder if Debra someday may not hear herself called an echo of her mother's wishes, her mother's personality.

To which Debra says, "Mom never has domineered over any of us. In fact, we had more freedom than most kids. Particularly about money. Everything that Dad, Mom or Teala or any of us has ever earned

has gone into a family fund—a community chest, you might say. It still does. Any of us can take from it anything that we want. The knowledge that our taking leaves less for the others has made us more cautious about spending than if we lived on a budget. But that's Mom. She gets the point across without having to hit you on the head with it.

"I do wish people would stop being critical of Mom, believe she is with me at my insistence. Because I need her. There's nothing wrong or old-fashioned about depending on someone you love—it is to bad that enough people aren't honest enough to admit this about themselves. And frankly, not enough people have a mother like mine."

Debra is forever eager to see that people do not get her mother wrong. She takes pains to tell you that although legally it is no longer necessary for her to have a chaperone, since she has passed her eighteenth birthday, she insisted it be put into her contract that her mother can be with her anywhere, any time.

"This business about not liking my

★ "Always give a woman driver half the road... if you can tell which half she wants."

... BRIAN DONLEVY

mother to go along with me to premieres!" she protests. "I'd like to hear them tell Jeanne Crain or any married star that she couldn't be seen with her husband so much! Well, until I marry, my mother will escort me—as I shall expect my husband to do later on."

She does then dream about marriage.

"I like the tall, masculine, quiet type," she says. "Of course I shall have to marry someone who will let me continue my career, even though I do not mean to allow my career to rule my married life. I want to blend the two into each other in the wonderful way my mother has. She has been married to Daddy for twenty-eight years—and to look at them is a true inspiration."

It is hard to look at Debra, to remember the passionate dark-skinned maiden she played in a couple of her pictures, without feeling she must have a desire for all the things natural to young girls. Hollywood believes she should have handsome young men singing love songs to her on dimly lighted dance floors—and wonders if her confined existence of career, home and mother will not one day lead her, as it did Jeanne Crain, to such a sudden romance and elopement as estranged Jeanne and her family for a long time.

Debra hopes no romance will come along during the next few years. "You don't have to seek it to find it," she nodded wisely to me. "A girl's heart can find the right man if he's only a stranger passing by. She needn't date everyone else just to be sure she hasn't been overlooked by Fate. I meet many people in my work, but for the time being I belong to myself and my family and love it!"

Although it is the general feeling that this is not enough for a girl of eighteen, few ever venture to say anything of the kind to Debra—to set her big eyes to smoldering and start her talking in exclamation points—for all the world like a knight in armor, defending her beloved Mom.

THE END

The Girl Behind the Headlines

(Continued from page 44) long time to make up and dress as Rebecca for "Ivanhoe." But when my schedule permitted it I went out; danced a little. I like to dance. One weekend I spent with Lord and Lady Mountbatten. I thought the young Englishmen who came to the party the Mountbattens gave for me quite attractive. But they did not seem to care for me. . ."

It seems incredible that any young man should not care for Elizabeth, unquestionably one of the great beauties of our time. Besides, she is gentle, with an innate modesty, not remotely a flaunting star. If she was not received enthusiastically by the young Englishmen she met at the Mountbattens' it must have been because of her past publicity, her short-lived marriage.

SHE was disturbed by the young Englishmen's attitude. It was this, I think, that influenced her to go with Nicky to her Uncle Harold Young's house in Connecticut to meet her mother. Nicky and Elizabeth's mother have, through the past year, remained good friends. Elizabeth and her mother and father have been estranged.

Nicky Hilton is, in my book, a horribly spoiled young man. But about mothers he is sentimental. I believe it was to talk to Elizabeth about her mother that he came to see her in New York.

If Nicky brought Elizabeth and her family together so that Elizabeth might be with Sara and Francis Taylor when, a few days later, they celebrated their silver anniversary, he did her a good turn. Elizabeth, always sheltered, proved—before she sailed for England—that she cannot cope with the Hollywood razzle-dazzle.

Her mother worried about her. "Stop fretting," a friend of mine told Sara Taylor. "Going to England is the best thing that could happen to Elizabeth. She's come through a stormy year. Her short-lived marriage in itself must have been horribly shocking to her. However, she's still your daughter. She still knows all the things you and her father have taught her. She still has all the standards you ingrained in her. In England she'll go back to her roots. In England she'll find herself—you'll see."

Never were truer words spoken.

I understand that Mrs. Taylor would favor a reconciliation between Elizabeth and Nicky. But I doubt there will be one. And if there is one, take my word, it never will last. It would be impossible for Elizabeth to forget or forgive his treatment of her on their honeymoon. He was rude to her beyond words. And he neglected her shamefully for the gambling houses.

"What in Christendom does that young Hilton want?" everyone asked. "Most young men married to such a charming, beautiful girl would never leave her side."

It was, I think, Elizabeth's career that caused Nicky's attitude. She did not want to have a family for a few years at least. Nicky, I understand, felt differently. And when a young husband's authority is questioned and a young husband's ego is affronted he turns resentful. Whereupon, to salve his wounded pride, he seeks escape. Where many men would have turned to another woman, Nicky turned to gambling. It is, I believe, just that simple.

Were Nicky Hilton an analytical young man he would run from another beauty with movie ambitions, Betsy von Furstenberg, for instance. But it could be that Betsy who, with her beautiful countless mother, has spent her life in an impoverished castle in Germany and a walk-up flat in New York, has known enough insecurity to settle for the Hilton millions and let stardom go hang. Elizabeth, with reason, values her career. Even when she was on

her honeymoon she got made up and costumed to work as an extra in "Quo Vadis," then shooting in Rome.

Elizabeth has been working for her career ever since she was seven years old when her father, deciding that war was closing in on Europe, sent her and her mother and brother to her maternal grandfather's home in Pasadena. That same year Elizabeth signed with Universal. But Universal soon dropped her. After that, she auditioned for Metro who that first time said "No, thank you."

Elizabeth's career, so really brilliant after "A Place in the Sun," was not as easily or miraculously come by as many believe. Furthermore, the critics, who have dismissed many of her performances by talking of her appeal or beauty or charm, have devilled her. "I wish," she more than once has wailed, "they would say I was good!"

Well, they're saying she is "good" now. With reason. Not since "National Velvet" has Elizabeth turned in such an acting job. She made "A Place in the Sun," remember, before she married. It was, in fact, while the company was on location at Lake Arrowhead that Nicky Hilton, coming up to visit with young Frank Freeman, met Elizabeth for the first time. Elizabeth, I am sure, sensed the hit she had in this movie—and wanted to follow it up with other hits, rather than with babies.

All of which brings us to the Monty Clift rumors. Liz and Monty did date while she was in New York. But facts deny any serious romance. When a Paramount publicity man told Monty that Elizabeth was coming in he called her, to promise, casually, "I'll catch up with you while you're here." Also, asked to go to Washington on a Movietime, U.S.A. tour, Monty declined, although Elizabeth was going. "I've appeared for Movietime in New York and Dallas," he explained. "I don't want to overdo it."

MOREOVER, when Elizabeth checked into the Hotel Plaza, with her twenty-two pieces of luggage, she found her suite filled with flowers. From Paramount, for whom she made "A Place in the Sun" and from Metro, to whom she is under contract—not from Monty, or Nicky, or Michael Wilding.

"First thing I want," she said, kicking off her shoes, "is a cup of coffee with real cream, flapjacks and crisp bacon. Then I want to go to bed and sleep. For days! Nobody in Paris ever sleeps. You go back to your hotel only to change your clothes and go out again. It's a twenty-four-hour town."

When someone asked her why she had not shipped some of her luggage to avoid the heavy freight she had had to pay—more than her passage, actually—she looked horrified. "I couldn't! I had to have everything right away." Which is typical of her.

"I had hoped," she said, "that 'A Place in the Sun' would premiere while I was in England. I would have liked to be there. Maybe I'll fly back—if I'm not in production—and they really put on a big do . . ."

It is, unless I'm very mistaken, Elizabeth's career that occupies her heart today. And this is a good thing. She needs time to find herself. She is, above all, a nice girl, the nice fruit of her nice family tree. Had she been a tough, sophisticated miss who knew her way around, she would have handled her life far more expertly. And she would not be so hurt at what happened to her.

"Liz Taylor really in love with Michael Wilding."

"Liz and Nicky stage romantic idyll."

"Liz Taylor and Clift wooing here."

Don't you believe any of it. I don't!

THE END



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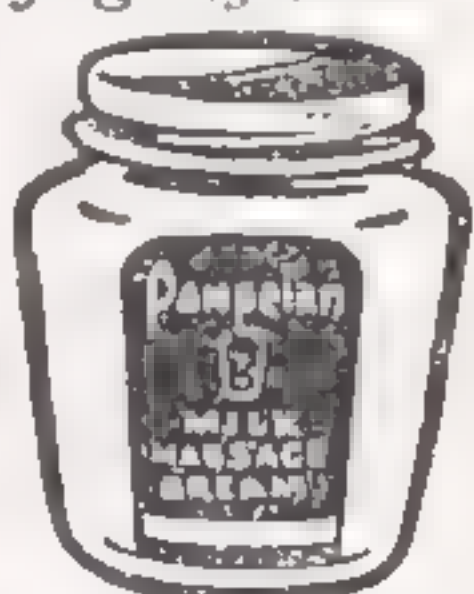


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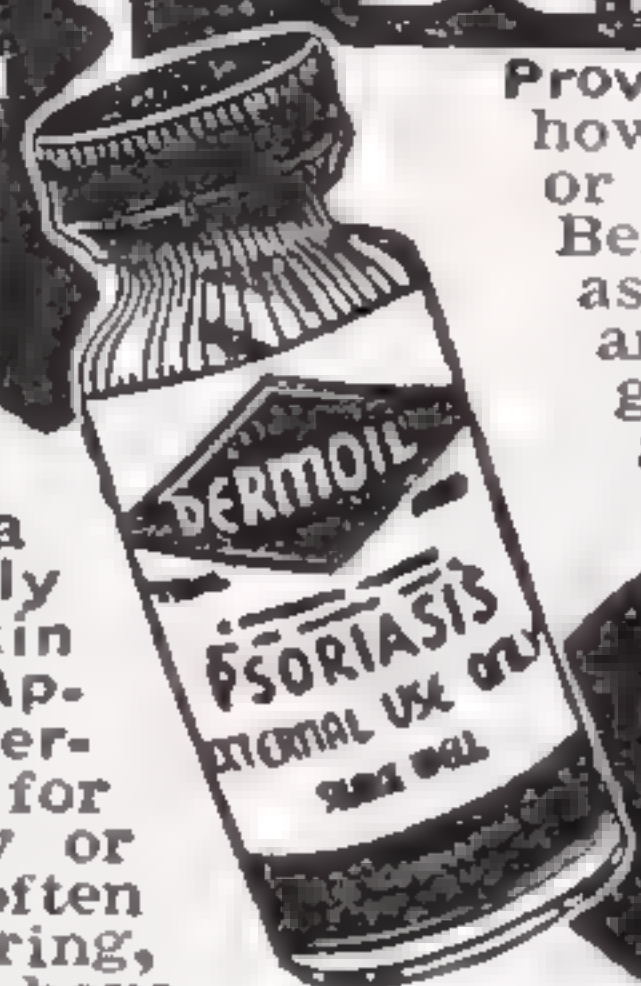
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Brief Reviews

✓ 1/2 (F) *ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI*—M-G-M: A fairly interesting Technicolor Western with Clark Gable as a trapper who marries Indian maid Maria Elena Marques for selfish reasons and learns to love her and her people. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *AMERICAN IN PARIS, AN*—M-G-M: Ex-G.I. Gene Kelly remains in Paris after the war and falls in love with pal Georges Guetary's girl, Leslie Caron, in this gorgeous Technicolor musical. With Oscar Levant, Nina Foch. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD*—M-G-M: A charming fantasy in which tough baseball manager Paul Douglas inherits a guardian angel. With Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn, Spring Byington. (Nov.)

✓ (A) *BANNERLINE*—M-G-M: The usual story about a cub-reporter whose daring and courage inspire the townfolk to wipe out a dangerous racketeer. With Keefe Brasselle, Sally Forrest, Lionel Barrymore. (Dec.)

✓ 1/2 (F) *BEHAVE YOURSELF*—RKO: Shelley Winters and Farley Granger co-star in this ridiculously funny mix-up about a missing dog, gangs of hoodlums, murders galore and a nagging mother-in-law. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *BLUE VEIL, THE*—RKO: A tender episodic story with Jane Wyman as a young widow who devotes her life to caring for other women's children. With Charles Laughton, Don Taylor, Joan Blondell, Richard Carlson, Audrey Totter. (Dec.)

✓ 1/2 (F) *CATTLE DRIVE*—U-I: Dean Stockwell, stranded after leaving his father's private railroad car, meets up with cowhand Joel McCrea and after a trek across the desert becomes a new boy. (Oct.)

(F) *CAVE OF OUTLAWS*—U-I: A dull Western in which ex-convict Macdonald Carey heads for the Carlsbad Caverns to find gold hidden there years before, and finds more glitter in Alexis Smith. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *CLOSE TO MY HEART*—Warners: Heart-tugging drama in which Gene Tierney and Ray Milland face the complications of adopting a foundling of unknown parentage. (Dec.)

✓ 1/2 (A) *COME FILL THE CUP*—Warners: After losing both Phyllis Thaxter and his newspaper job by imbibing too much, James Cagney reforms and sets out to put other alcoholics back on their feet. A heavy and overlong drama. With Gig Young, Raymond Massey. (Dec.)

(F) *CROSSWINDS*—Paramount: An adventure film with plenty of killings, double dealings, triple schemings that has John Payne, Rhonda Fleming, Forrest Tucker running around in vicious circles. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *DARLING, HOW COULD YOU!*—Paramount: A cozy family type comedy in which Joan Fontaine and John Lund return after five years and are faced with some merry problems as they try to become reacquainted with children Mona Freeman and David Stollery. With Peter Hanson. (Nov.)

✓✓ 1/2 (A) *DAVID AND BATHSHEBA*—20th Century-Fox: Spectacular Technicolor production of the Biblical love story. With Gregory Peck and Susan Hayward as the lovers and Raymond Massey, Kieron Moore, Jayne Meadows. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, THE*—20th Century-Fox: In this out-of-this-world drama a messenger from Mars lands in Washington and starts a series of exciting events. Michael Rennie is the Martian. With Pat Neal. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *DECISION BEFORE DAWN*—20th Century-Fox: An unusual story about German prisoners of war who turned against Hitler to spy for the Allies. With Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill, Hans Christian Blech. (Dec.)

✓✓ (A) *DESERT FOX, THE*—20th Century-Fox: James Mason portrays Rommel in this interesting biography with events covering the Field Marshal's defeat in Africa, up to his liquidation by the Nazis. With Jessica Tandy, Bill Reynolds. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *DETECTIVE STORY*—Paramount: A terrific melodrama set in a midtown police station with Kirk Douglas as a relentless detective whose lack of leniency and understanding have a disastrous effect on his marriage to Eleanor Parker. With Lee Grant, William Bendix, Craig Hill, Cathy O'Donnell. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *FLYING LEATHERNECKS, THE*—RKO: An overlong and somewhat repetitious story of the Marine Air Corps during the siege of Guadalcanal. With John Wayne, Robert Ryan, Don Taylor, Janis Carter. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *FORCE OF ARMS*—Warners: Realistic and tender love story in which William Holden and Nancy Olson meet and marry in war-torn Italy. With Frank Lovejoy. (Nov.)

✓ 1/2 (F) *GOLDEN HORDE, THE*—Universal: Another Arabian Nights type of fantasy with Ann Blyth as a princess who tries to rid her city of Genghis Khan's blood-thirsty conquerors. David Farrar is around to help her. (Nov.)

✓✓ 1/2 (F) *HERE COMES THE GROOM*—Paramount: Bing Crosby returns from abroad to find his girl, Jane Wyman, about to wed Franchot Tone. The methods he uses to prevent the marriage make this a zingy comedy. With Alexis Smith. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *HIS KIND OF WOMAN*—RKO: Fast-moving drama with some comedy relief in which Bob Mitchum takes a mysterious assignment in Mexico and becomes involved with Jane Russell and murderer. With Tim Holt, Vincent Price. (Nov.)

✓ 1/2 (A) *HOTEL SAHARA*—Rank-U.A.: A satirical British comedy about the efforts of Peter Ustinov to keep fiancée Yvonne DeCarlo from the hands of the Italians, French and Germans. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *IT'S ONLY MONEY*—RKO: There's loads of laughs when bank teller Frank Sinatra is given a fortune and is unable to explain. Jane Russell and Groucho Marx are in on the fun. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *LADY FROM TEXAS, THE*—U-I: Howard Duff prevents Josephine Hull from being declared

insane by unscrupulous characters in this corny dull comedy. With Mona Freeman. (Nov.)

✓ (A) *LADY PAYS OFF, THE*—U-I: Linda Darnell, who resents being loved for "the mother in her" meets gambler Stephen McNally whose feelings aren't maternal, in this corny comedy. With Gigi Perreau. (Dec.)

✓✓ 1/2 (A) *LAVENDER HILL MOB, THE*—Rank-U-I: There's sheer delight in this unusual and hilarious British comedy about a meek bank employee, Alec Guinness, who steals the bank's gold and tries to get it out of the country in a most unusual way. (Dec.)

✓✓ (A) *LAW AND THE LADY, THE*—M-G-M: Greer Garson and Michael Wilding form a partnership to fleece millionaires in this sprightly comedy. With Fernando Lamas, Marjorie Main. (Oct.)

✓ 1/2 (A) *LITTLE EGYPT*—U-I: Too much conversation in this fanciful take-off on the story of the turn-of-the-century hooch dancer. With Rhonda Fleming, Mark Stevens, Nancy Guild. (Oct.)

✓ 1/2 (A) *MAGIC FACE, THE*—Columbia: Even if you won't go along with the theory that Hitler was killed midway in the war and an actor hired to impersonate him, you'll be interested in this unusual melodrama. With Luther Adler, Patricia Knight. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW*—20th Century-Fox: A typical Grable musical with Betty suffering from amnesia and being wooed again by estranged husband Macdonald Carey. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *MILLIONAIRE FOR CHRISTY, A*—20th Century-Fox: A gay comedy in which Eleanor Parker decides to marry Fred MacMurray sight unseen and proceeds in a mad and merry way to do it. With Richard Carlson. (Nov.)

✓✓ (F) *MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL*—20th Century-Fox: Clifton Webb pretends he's seventy and enters, along with pandemonium and havoc, an old age home. With Joanne Dru, Hugh Marlowe. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *MISTER DRAKE'S DUCK*—U-I: A whimsical comedy of events that occur when Douglas Fairbanks and Yolande Dolan, honeymooning on his farm, find their duck lays uranium eggs. (Oct.)

✓ 1/2 (A) *MR. IMPERIUM*—M-G-M: Beautiful but numb Technicolor production with Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza, Debbie Reynolds, Marjorie Main. (Oct.)

✓✓ 1/2 (A) *MOB, THE*—Columbia: Policeman Brod Crawford secures a job as a dock worker in order to bring himself in contact with the "mob." Rugged action drama. (Oct.)

✓✓ 1/2 (A) *NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY*—20th Century-Fox: An unusual and exciting comedy co-starring Jimmy Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns. (Oct.)

✓✓ 1/2 (F) *ON MOONLIGHT BAY*—Warners: When Doris Day and Gordon MacRae fall in love, they have plenty of trouble coping with papa Leon Ames and kid brother Billy Gray, in this nostalgic Technicolor musical. (Oct.)

✓ 1/2 (F) *ON THE LOOSE*—RKO-Filmakers: Neglected by her parents, Joan Evans makes some mistakes that almost lead to her suicide. With Melvyn Douglas, Lynn Bari, Bob Arthur. (Nov.)

✓ 1/2 (F) *PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE*—Warners: An outdated musical with Virginia Mayo, Lucille Norman, Virginia Gibson as three ambitious young entertainers who go to Las Vegas to snag a millionaire. Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson and Tom Conway are the men. (Nov.)

(F) *PARDON MY FRENCH*—U.A.: American school teacher, Merle Oberon, inherits a French chateau and becomes involved with musician Paul Henreid and his five children. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA, THE*—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy, as an alcoholic lawyer, tries to save Jim Arness from the electric chair in this drama. With Diana Lynn, Bill Campbell. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *PEOPLE WILL TALK*—20th Century-Fox: A strange comedy in which Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain fall in love and marry under some unusual circumstances. With Hume Cronyn. (Nov.)

✓ 1/2 (A) *RAGING TIDE, THE*—U-I: Murderer Richard Conte takes refuge on fishing boat owned by Charles Bickford and Alex Nicol and proceeds to complicate everyone's life in this rather trite story. Shelley Winters plays Dick's girl; Stephen McNally,

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the detective on his trail. (Dec.)
 ✓✓ ½ (F) **RED BADGE OF COURAGE, THE**—M-G-M: Audie Murphy is a frightened young farm boy who, thrown into battle, overcomes cowardice in this moving Civil War story. (Nov.)
 ✓✓ ½ (F) **REUNION IN RENO**—U-I: A sentimental comedy-drama in which Gigi Perreau asks attorney Mark Stevens to secure her a divorce from parents Frances Dee, Leif Erickson. With Peggy Dow. (Dec.)
 ✓✓ (F) **RHUBARB**—Paramount: Hilarious farce about a spirited cat who inherits a baseball team and \$30,000,000. With Ray Milland, Jan Sterling, Gene Lockhart. (Oct.)
 ✓✓ (F) **RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY**—M-G-M: When millionaire Wendell Corey takes daughter Jane Powell to Paris, he doesn't count on her meeting her mother, Danielle Darrieux, new beau Vic Damone. With Fernando Lamas, Una Merkel. (Oct.)
 ✓✓ (A) **SATURDAY'S HERO**—Columbia: A disillusioning exposé of the college football scene with John Derek, Donna Reed, Sidney Blackmer. (Oct.)
 ✓✓ (A) **SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford leads Richard Hylton, Zachary Scott and two other fellow convicts to a mountain settlement where they are reluctantly given refuge by Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Barbara Bates and Ann Dvorak. Exciting! (Oct.)
 (F) **SON OF DR. JEKYLL, THE**—Columbia: A lot of nonsense about events that occur when Louis Hayward tries to prove Papa was a great humanitarian instead of a murderous fiend. With Jody Lawrence. (Dec.)
 ✓✓ ½ (A) **STRIP, THE**—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney becomes involved with racketeer James Craig, nightclub dancer Sally Forrest and a killing in this mild melodrama with a Sunset Boulevard setting. (Nov.)
 ✓✓ (F) **SUBMARINE COMMAND**—Paramount: Thrilling story of submarine warfare and of the men

who live and die encased in steel beneath the sea. With Bill Holden, Don Taylor, Nancy Olson. (Dec.)
 ✓✓ ½ (F) **SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET**—Columbia: Frankie Laine and Billy Daniels again co-star in a pleasant little musical. With Jerome Courtland, Terry Moore, Audrey Long. (Nov.)
 ✓ (F) **TALL TARGET, THE**—M-G-M: Detective Dick Powell prevents an assassination attempt on President Lincoln in fairly interesting story supposedly based on a chapter in American history. With Marshall Thompson, Paula Raymond. (Nov.)
 ✓✓ (F) **TEXAS CARNIVAL**—M-G-M: A rip-roaring musical with Red Skelton and Esther Williams as carnival performers who are taken for Texas tycoons by Howard Keel and Ann Miller. With Keenan Wynn. (Dec.)
 ✓✓ (A) **THUNDER ON THE HILL**—U-I: A tense melodrama in which nun Claudette Colbert tries to prove Ann Blyth innocent of the murder charges against her. With Philip Friend. (Oct.)
 ✓✓ ½ (A) **TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY**—Warners: Ex-convict Steve Cochran meets dime-a-dance girl Ruth Roman, becomes involved in a death which forces the couple to turn fugitive. (Nov.)
 ✓✓ ½ (F) **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE**—Paramount: A fascinating science fiction epic in which forty-three people are chosen to escape in a rocket before the earth is destroyed by another planet. With Richard Derr, Peter Hanson, Barbara Rush. (Dec.)
 ✓✓ ½ (F) **WELL, THE**—U.A.: A gripping movie about the riots that ensue after a little Negro girl falls into a well and a white man is accused of her kidnapping. With Henry Morgan. (Oct.)
 ✓✓ ½ (F) **YOU NEVER CAN TELL**—U-I: Confusing but fanciful little comedy in which Dick Powell plays a German Shepherd dog who comes back to earth to expose Charles Drake who is after Peggy Dow's money. With Joyce Holden. (Nov.)

Casts of Current Pictures

BIG NIGHT, THE—U. A.: George La Main, John Barrymore Jr.; Andy La Main, Preston Foster; Flanagan, Howland Chamberlin; Al Judge, Howard St. John; Dr. Lloyd Cooper, Philip Bourneuf; Peckinpah, Emil Meyer; Julie Rostina, Dorothy Comingore; Marion Rostina, Joan Lorrington; Singer, Mauri Lynn.

FAMILY SECRET, THE—Columbia: David Clark, John Derek; Howard Clark, Lee J. Cobb; Lee Pearson, Jody Lawrence; Ellen Clark, Erin O'Brien-Moore; George Redman, Santos Ortega; Donald Muir, Henry O'Neill; Dr. Reynolds, Carl Benton Reid; Sybil Bradley, Peggy Converse; Vera Stone, Jean Alexander; Marie Elsnor, Dorothy Tree; Joe Elsnor, Whit Bissell; Mr. Sims, Raymond Greenleaf; Judge, Onslow Stevens; Cora French, Elizabeth Flournoy; Larry, Bill Walker; Bertha, Frances E. Williams; Miss Martin, Mary Alan Hokanson.

I WANT YOU—Samuel Goldwyn Productions: Martin Greer, Dana Andrews; Nancy Greer, Dorothy McGuire; Jack Greer, Farley Granger; Carrie Turner, Peggy Dow; Thomas Greer, Robert Keith; Sarah Greer, Mildred Dunnock; Judge Turner, Ray Collins; George Kress Jr., Martin Milner; Harvey Landrum, Jim Backus; Mrs. Turner, Marjorie Crossland; George Kress Sr., Walter Baldwin; Ned Iversen, Walter Sande; Gladys, Peggy Maley; Anne Greer, Jerrilyn Flannery; Tony Greer, Erik Neilsen.

LADY SAYS NO!, THE—U.A.: Dorinda, Joan Caulfield; Bill, David Niven; Uncle Matt, James Robertson Justice; Goldie, Lenore Lonergan; Aunt Alice, Frances Bavier; Midge, Peggy Maley; Patsy, Henry Jones; Goose, Jeff York; Bartender, George Davis; General, Robert Williams; Mary, Mary Lawrence.

LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL—20th Century-Fox: Miriam, Claudette Colbert; Hugh, Macdonald Carey; Victor, Zachary Scott; Barbara Denham, Barbara Bates; Jerry Denham, Robert Wagner; Joyce, Marilyn Monroe; Ferguson, Frank Cady; Gardener, Jim Hayward; Miss Jessup, Carol Savage; Milkman, Paul Gerrits; Secretary, Betty Jane Bowen; Hugh's Secretary, Vici Raaf; Police Lieutenant, Ralph Sanford; Hotel Manager, Harry Denny; Mailman, Harry Harvey, Sr.

LIGHT TOUCH, THE—M-G-M: Sam Conrider, Stewart Granger; Anna Vasarri, Pier Angeli; Felix Guignol, George Sanders; Mr. Aramescu, Kurt Kasznar; Lt. Massiro, Joseph Calleia; Mr. R. F. Hawkey, Larry Keating; Mr. MacWade, Rhys Williams; Anton, Norman Lloyd; Charles, Mike Mazurki.

MEET DANNY WILSON—U-I: Danny Wilson, Frank Sinatra; Joy Carroll, Shelley Winters; Mike Ryan, Alex Nicol; Nick Driscoll, Raymond Burr; Tommy Wells, Tommy Farrell; T. W. Hatcher, Vaughn Taylor.

MY FAVORITE SPY—Paramount: Erie Augustine, Peanuts White, Bob Hope; Lily Dalbray, Hedy Lamarr; Karl Brubaker, Francis L. Sullivan; Tasso, Arnold Moss; Harry Crock, Tonio Selwart; Donald Bailey, Stephen Chase; Henderson, John Archer; General Fraser, Morris Ankrum; Ben Ali, Marc Lawrence; Lola, Iris Adrian; Monkara, Mike Mazurki; Hoenig, Luis Van Rooten; El Sarif, Ralph Smiley.

RACKET, THE—RKO: Captain McQuigg, Robert Mitchum; Irene, Elizabeth Scott; Nick, Robert Ryan; Johnson, William Talman; Welch, Ray Collins; Mary McQuigg, Joyce MacKenzie; Ames, Robert Hutton; Lucy Johnson, Virginia Huston; Turck, William Conrad; Delancy, Walter Sande; Chief Craig, Les Tremayne; Connolly, Don Porter; Sullivan, Walter Baldwin; Higgins, Howland Chamberlain; Joe Scan-

lon, Brett King; Enright, Richard Karlan; Tony, Tito Vuolo.

SILVER CITY—Paramount: Larkin Moffatt, Edmond O'Brien; Candace Surrency, Yvonne De Carlo; R. R. Jarboe, Barry Fitzgerald; Charles Storrs, Richard Arlen; Mrs. Barber, Gladys George; Josephine, Laura Elliot; Dutch Surrency, Edgar Buchanan; Taff, Michael Moore.

SLAUGHTER TRAIL—RKO: Capt. Dempster, Brian Donlevy; Vaughn, Gig Young; Lorabelle Larkin, Virginia Grey; Sgt. McIntosh, Andy Devine; Lt. Morgan, Robert Hutton; Singalong, Terry Gilkyson; Hardsaddle, Lew Bedell; Heath, Myron Healey; Levering, Ken Koutnik; Rufus Black, Eddie Parks; Stage Driver, Ralph Peters; Chief Paako, Rick Roman; Susan, Lois Hall; Nancy, Robin Fletcher; Sentry, Ralph Volkie; Caller, Fenton Jones.

STARLIFT—Warners: Nel Wayne, Janice Rule; Sgt. Mike Nolan, Dick Wesson; Corp. Rick Williams, Ron Hagerthy; Col. Joe Callan, Richard Webb; The Chaplain, Hayden Rorke; Steve Rodgers, Howard St. John; Doris Day, Gordon MacRae; Virginia Mayo, Gene Nelson, and Ruth Roman as themselves; also guest stars James Cagney, Gary Cooper, Virginia Gibson, Phil Harris, Frank Lovejoy, Lucille Norman, Louella Parsons, Randolph Scott, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore.

STRANGE DOOR, THE—U-I: Alan De Maletroit, Charles Laughton; Voltan, Boris Karloff; Blanche De Maletroit, Sally Forrest; Denis De Beaulieu, Richard Stapley; Talon, Michael Pate; Count Grassin, Alan Napier; Corbeau, William Cottrell; Renville, Morgan Farley; Moret, Edwin Parker; Turec, Charles Horvath; Edmond De Maletroit, Paul Cavanagh.

TANKS ARE COMING, THE—Warners: Sully, Steve Cochran; Lt. Rawson, Philip Carey; Patricia Kane, Mari Aldon; Danny, Paul Picerni; Lemchek, Harry Bellaver; Ike, James Dobson; Tucker, George O'Hanlon; Col. Matthews, John McGuire; Heinie, Robert Boon; Sgt. Joe Davis, Michael Steele.

TEN TALL MEN—Columbia: Mike, Burt Lancaster; Mahla, Jody Lawrence; Luis, Gilbert Roland; Pierre, Kieron Moore; Kruger, Stephen Bekassy; Marie, Mari Blanchard; Mouse, Nick Dennis; Roshko, Mike Mazurki; Jardine, John Dehner; Lustig, Ian Mac Donald; Mossul, Robert Clary; Henri, Phil Van Zandt; Eijah, Paul Marion; Levon, George Tobias; Kurt, Henry Rowland; Prince Hussin, Gerald Mohr; Browning, Michael Pate; Ben Allal, Raymond Greenleaf.

TOO YOUNG TO KISS—M-G-M: Cynthia Potter, June Allyson; Eric Wainwright, Van Johnson; John Tirsens, Gig Young; Denise Dorcet, Paula Corday; Miss Benson, Kathryn Givney; Danny Cutler, Larry Keating; Mr. Sparrow, Hans Conried; Mrs. Boykin, Esther Dale; Veloti, Antonio Filauri; Gloria, Jo Gilbert; Conductor, Alexander Steinert.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY—RKO: Dan, Tony Martin; Nancy, Janet Leigh; Harriet, Gloria DeHaven; Lew Conway, Eddie Bracken; Joyce Campbell, Ann Miller; Bob, Bob Crosby; S. F. Rogers, Barbara Lawrence; Harry, Joe Smith; Leo, Charles Dale; Willard Glendon, Taylor Holmes; Sailor, Buddy Baer; and The Charlivels.

WESTWARD THE WOMEN—M-G-M: Buck Wyatt, Robert Taylor; Fifi Danon, Denise Darcel; Patience Hawley, Hope Emerson; Roy Whitman, John McIntire; Laurie Smith, Julie Bishop; Rose Meyers, Beverly Dennis; Jean Johnson, Marilyn Erskine; Margaret O'Malley, Lenore Lonergan; Mrs. Moroni, Renata Vanni; Ito, Henry Nakamura; Antonio Moroni, Guido Martufi; "Cat," Bruce Cowling.

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. . . named Arthur, aboard; Arthur stung Tony with his peashooter and pelted him with spitballs. By the time they reached the park, Tony was ready . . .



. . . to commit murder! But he held on to his temper—even when he caught Arthur dropping grasshoppers into the lemonade. Gritting his teeth, Tony suggested a game of baseball. But when . . .



. . . Arthur planted a bone-cracking blow on his knees with the bat, Tony decided he'd had enough. He piled the kids into the car and drove home. It was just as bad going back! Tony . . .



. . . at the end of his patience, was just about to pull the car over to the curb when a siren wailed. "What now!" he groaned—and stopped. Up marched a traffic cop—and the arm of the . .



. . . law yanked Arthur out of his seat—and turned him over his knee! "I've had my eye on him for blocks," he told the astonished Tony. "Don't worry—I'm just doing my duty. He's my kid!"



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